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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THANKSGIVING

BY W. M. R.

LET us give thanks! Why? Because, at the least, things are no worse with us. Indeed, there is never reason for aught but thanksgiving from the heart of man. This world is the best we know anything about. Even the tribulations we have are simply formative influences. They teach us, they make us plastic for the impression of good. Besides, most of our trouble never happens. There may be in the world just now a seeming preponderance of evil of all sorts,—buddle in legislation, corruption in office, fraud in high finance, mean trickery in high politics, a moribundity of real religion and a superfluity of fantastical and fanatical rag-time religion. But it only seems so, after all. What we notice is that the world is in widespread and earnest protest and revolt against all these things. The scandalizing of us is only the demonstration that the heart and mind and soul of the world are still sound and sweet and true to right. The more we think we are confronted with a condition in which everything is all wrong, the surer we may be that at bottom everything is all right. The world grows better. If it didn't we would not hear so much protest that human nature remains the same in its worse aspects. Human nature is better than it ever was. If not the protest against the remnants of its older baseness would not make such a stir. The evil is conspicuous because it is emphasized by the resentment against it. There is abundant cause for thankfulness that the people generally are in such a frame of mind as prompts this resentment of evils. The fulfilment of the law of struggle goes on. Evil is the whetstone upon which Good sharpens itself. If this were not the case, there would be no notice of those many things which are now celebrated because of the universality with which they are deprecated. We are learning only through mistakes, improving only through the experience that comes from our failures. We are gaining wisdom and virtue only through hard knocks. And we are finding out that in view of our insufficiency unto ourselves, it is now true as of old that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom." But fear is a poor motive towards anything and, if it be the beginning of Wisdom, it must be that love of the Lord is the end of Wisdom. And the best demonstration of love of the Lord is to love our fellow men and help them, since they are made in His image—yes, in His image, misshapen though many of them may be, to our sight. It is not necessary to demonstrate so axiomatic a proposition as that we are all very much alike, and that none of us is essentially better than his fellows, or worse. There is cause, therefore, for thanksgiving that under Providence we are individually and collectively doing our best, and that the sum of all our best is a general betterment of the world. That, at the present time, a great many persons may feel the pinch of inadequate funds is not so deplorable as the lamentations thereover might seem to indicate. Matters might be very much worse. Twenty years ago they would have been. As it is, a great many men of importance and power who might very well take care of themselves and let the multitude go hang, are devoting themselves to the task of keeping things going and foregoing their opportunities to profit by disaster by averting disaster to others. It is nothing but this modern spirit of altruism in busi-

ness, this helping of others, that prevents a general smash. Thousands of lame dogs are now being helped over the stile by men who are supposed to be soulless simply because they have made money. We may well be thankful that in this country, where business is said to be the national god, the masters of money and of business are not merciless. We may be thankful, too, that although we have been told *ad nauseam* of the rottenness of our public service, the greatest thing in the country at the present time is the movement for governmental purification, the general attack upon National, State and municipal incivism. Every issue before the people to-day in every community is a moral issue, and the differences that join the issues are differences as to accidents, and not as to essentials. The right is still "on top" in the public mind, and there is in evidence a league of powerful forces to prevent the spread of suffering among the people. The people's reason is all right and the people's heart is all right. And if there be some of us who have fallen upon evil times, some of us who are afflicted and sore smitten at heart, it is well to remember that such things are not without beneficial purpose and result in deflecting our thoughts to a mightier Power for sustenance and consolation. A little trouble is useful to our spirits, if for no other reason than that it makes us turn towards the Divine Comforter for such afflatus of grace as may give us peace that passes understanding. When we have had our pride brought down and our certitude of ourselves has been shattered; when the materialities of life are shown to be evanescent or worthless, it is a great boon to humble ourselves before the Divinity we always forget in the midst of our successes, and to thank that Divinity for its mercies and its gifts. We need more of the religious spirit in this land and time. We have gotten quite far away from it, latterly, as a result of our own great good fortune. We have thought, and almost said, that our blessings were of our own creation. We have been swollen and blown with pride. We have violated the rules of right in many ways, and have foolishly deemed that retribution would not overtake us. We have forgotten the spiritual in our devotion to the material. We have worshiped success regardless of right and reason. Our deified commercialism has attempted to defy nature in its greatest law of cause and effect. It is well that we should be thankful to the Supreme Being that our fantastic tricks before high heaven have not brought us to sorer straits than those in which we now find ourselves. We should be thankful that so many of our follies and sins have been forgiven us, as a nation and as individuals. We should be thankful that there is implanted in us so much of kindness as has enabled us to tolerate one another, that so many of us can look back upon the past, remote and immediate, and say with truth, that we have all been treated in every way much better than we have deserved of our fellow men or of the Lord of justice and of mercy.



MR. BRYAN, the great hard-luckster, has made enough money to go on a European trip when most people in this country are careful about extravagance in riding on street cars.



THE best thing that can be said about Congress thus far is that it hasn't done anything yet. But the country lives in fear and trembling.

WINSOME HARRY HAWES

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE best evidence of the power and effectiveness of Mr. Harry B. Hawes' speech at Hannibal on Wednesday evening of last week is found in the fact that ever since that time the full batteries of the *Globe-Democrat* and of every other Republican paper in the State have been turned upon that gentleman, and every gun has been double-shotted. There can be no better recommendation of a Democrat's Democracy than Republican abuse. Mr. Hawes' gubernatorial ambitions are immensely forwarded by the impression that he has hit the enemy, and hit him hard.

Mr. Hawes' speech has put Mr. Folk on the defensive. Mr. Folk's defence in his Carrolton speech was not good. He said he refused to support Democratic tickets because Ed Butler was consulted as to Democratic nominees. The fact is, that Mr. Hawes is the leader in St. Louis Democracy solely because he destroyed Ed. Butler's supremacy in the party. It is a fact that the last city ticket, as placed before the people, was a ticket from which Butler men were eliminated ruthlessly. It is a fact that Mr. Folk spoke for the election of James J. Butler to Congress, when such speaking meant votes for Mr. Folk on the same ticket, and that Butlerism was as bad when Folk was the beneficiary of its support as it is when Mr. Folk concludes that he cannot secure its support—if it has any to offer. Mr. Folk fights Mr. Hawes as being identical with Butler, when Mr. Folk knows that Mr. Hawes is what he is by virtue of his successful opposition to Butler. Mr. Folk's questioning of Mr. Hawes' Democracy is, to say the least, funny, when we consider the fact, known of all men, that if Democracy is to be tested by what it has done for Folk, Mr. Hawes, having discovered and elevated Mr. Folk, has done a great deal for Democracy. If Mr. Folk is not a Democrat of the Hawes stripe, how happens it that Mr. Folk is what he is by reason of the efforts of Mr. Hawes? If Mr. Hawes is identified in any way with the things Mr. Folk is fighting, where is the proof? If Mr. Hawes is identical with Butlerism, why has not Mr. Folk shown up that identity? Mr. Hawes has challenged Mr. Folk's Democracy, and Mr. Folk's answer is in effect that Mr. Hawes is not a good Democrat, because Mr. Hawes is not for Folk, but for the party. Mr. Hawes and the Democracy made Mr. Folk. Is the creature greater than the creators? Mr. Folk admits that he has refused to support the nominees of his party in every election since the one in which he himself was a candidate. The party, he says, hasn't done anything deserving his support since it nominated him. Since his election as Circuit Attorney he has nothing to say for the people, and nothing but condemnation for the methods that elected him. The votes of the Butler Indians helped elect him. He solicited those votes when he needed them. Now he speaks of the Butler influences as infamous. Folk was a Butler man when he needed Butler. Folk does not need Butler now, except as a club with which to beat Mr. Hawes between whom and the ex-boss the present status is that of barely a speaking acquaintance. When Mr. Folk fights Mr. Hawes on these lines he pleads guilty to Mr. Hawes' charges that Folk is not a loyal Democrat. Mr. Folk is explaining. His explanation is a confession of his selfishness, and an assertion of his superiority to the men and the party that gave him his opportunity.

Mr. Folk is on the defensive otherwise. He is accused of increasing his own salary. He denied at first that he knew who introduced the bill in the legislature authorizing the increase. Then it developed that the bill was framed and pushed by one of Mr.

Folk's appointees, Mr. A. C. Maroney. Mr. Folk said when his right to the increase of salary during his incumbency of office was questioned, that he had the opinion of former City Counselor Schnurmacher. Now it appears that Mr. Folk had no such opinion in the exact sense in which the legal fraternity understands the meaning of an opinion. Mr. Folk's explanations are all tainted with trickiness. It was even a detective's trick in him to ask City Counselor Bates to withhold his opinion on the salary question until he, Folk, could produce more authorities in support of his contention, and then while the opinion was staved off to forestall it with a tenuous explanation in the papers.

That's the difference between Folk and Hawes. The former is furtive; the latter is frank. Folk is devious; Hawes is direct. The one is a dodger; the other is in the open. Folk soft-soaps the public. Hawes stands up and faces the music always. Folk is a "jollier." Hawes is more on the level. The people who like Folk are those who know least about him. The people who know least about Hawes are those who dislike him. Folk has been boosted by the press. Hawes has been knocked by the press. Between man and man, in a personal canvass of St. Louis, where both are known, with everything on the square, with no issue but the personal qualities of the men, Hawes would beat Folk by twenty or thirty thousand votes. Folk has no heating-apparatus. Folk is for Folk. His attitude towards his party, his manipulation of the whole boodle crusade, his "working" of the newspapers and magazines show this. But in the open with Hawes, before the people, Folk will be a dead duck. His forte is in the sort of work he can do without showing himself. His specialty is as a Star Chamber genius with a sinister dexterity. He is best symbolized as a smooth spider in the center of a great cobweb luring flies into his parlor, either to extort boodle confessions or political support.

All this will be brought home to Missourians when they see Hawes and Folk on the stump. I am very fond of Mr. Hawes, but never did I suspect his force and charm until I heard his speech last week at Hannibal. It was a revelation both as to matter and manner. The speech went at the subject and through it with a simplicity and directness of style that was clutching. It dealt with facts. It was unornamental in manner, but as he delivered it the effect was fascinating. His auditors gathered expecting to see a city boss, according to the cartoonists' pictures of that creature. They saw instead a clean cut, clear-eyed, trim, handsome young man with a fluid grace of manner that was instantly captivating. They heard a voice like a bell. They observed a grace of delivery that was instantaneously prepossessing. They beheld at ease that invited attention and an openness that inspired faith. They came, for the most part, hostile to the city man, because of their preconceived impression drawn from the newspapers. They softened to an attitude merely critical. They left at the end of two hours, pleased and convinced that Hawes had a cause that was worthy of consideration, or convinced that his contentions were valid. They found him logical, humorous, impassioned by turns. They witnessed with delight his readiness at fence with interrupters. They found nothing in his utterance that was confused. It was all lucid. They were wrapped in his winsome smile. They were impressed with his graceful bearing, with his thoroughbredness in every personal manifestation. There is a sort of suave imperiousness about him that is of the essence of popular charm. He looked like a leader, like a political leader might have looked in the days of romance, with a dashing quality intermixed with the arts of the pleader. He did not slop-over in a single sentence. He was moved by his subject, yet master of himself. He

was conscious of his personality's effectiveness, yet not too conscious. To watch and hear him was a pleasure to eye and ear. There were not five people who left the theater during the speech of two hours. They listened intently. They applauded intelligently, not when they thought they ought to fill in a gap to help the speaker out. I thought that I had never seen anything in politics to compare with the Hawes charm outside of the spell cast upon theatrical audiences by strong and graceful acting. His speech was devoid of flubdub. There was no "taffy" in it. There was no appeal to the groundlings. It was never stilted nor florid nor flamboyant, and it was free of the stock phrases of the political orator. It was the best political speech in the way of combining the effectiveness of the man, the matter and the manner that I had heard in Missouri in twenty years. It was a new sort of speech, with all the old gaudy and tawdry frills, that tickle the crowd, eliminated. It was as new as the man was new. Hawes was a new type with a new method. He was up-to-date in every point, but with a sufficient lingering of Southern ease and grace to soften his practicality and his sticking to his facts. He won his audience completely to himself.

I have said that the value of Hawes' speech is shown in the way in which it has made the Republicans squeal and put Mr. Folk on the defensive. That is the effect of a reading of his speech. I predict that when Mr. Hawes has appeared generally upon the stump in Missouri, he will score such a personal triumph as has not been known in this State in a quarter of a century. He has both brains and fine appearance. He has that quality called magnetism in a supreme degree. He appeals both to men and to women, and not as a demigod either, be it understood, but as a man who is in sympathy with the common run of people. Hawes on the stump is going to be the popular favorite. His cause will have to develop unexpected, almost unimaginable weakness before his personal charm will fail to allure the hearts of his hearers and beholders, and predispose their minds to a belief that the cause is as good as he looks and sounds.



REFLECTIONS

Merchants' Exchange Presidency.

TWO weeks ago the MIRROR commented upon the movement in the Merchants' Exchange to depart from the precedent of elevating the vice-president to the presidency. The MIRROR deprecated the movement against the present vice-president, Mr. W. A. Gardner, as a rather unfair attack upon a young man who had, according to custom, won his way to the coveted position, but it seems that there is a very strong sentiment in favor of the selection of some man of greater years and, perhaps, more ability and "presence" in the speech-making line to make the necessary social and civic "front" for the organization during the World's Fair period. The people holding this view have placed in the field ex-Gov. E. O. Stanard, one of the Exchange's prominent and almost historic figures. Gov. Stanard was president of the Exchange some years ago, and he would, undoubtedly "do the honors" to the satisfaction of the Exchange membership, but the ex-Governor is rather an elderly man, and it is doubtful if his age will permit him to undertake the multifarious appearances that will be necessary to the president of the Exchange by day and night during the coming year. This being the case, it naturally happens that there arises among the Exchange membership a moderate party as distinct from the ultra conservative and the ultra new elements. If Mr. Gardiner be too young, and not sufficiently practiced in the art of public appearance and

utterance, it may be said that Gov. Stanard belongs, in a measure, to the past, and that he is hardly in touch and accord with the times and conditions, to an extent sufficient to qualify him eminently for the position of president. In consideration of the fact that the struggle between the old timers and the new element will be very bitter, it has come to pass that the moderates have concluded that a third man may be entered in the race in whose characteristics are blended the good qualities of the new and the old. There is talk, therefore, of nominating for president Mr. George J. Tansey, who made such a brilliant record as president last year, bringing up the membership to a larger figure than ever before, and increasing the value of memberships more than ten fold. Mr. Tansey is, to the thinking of many, just the solution that is needed. He is a young man with an old head. He has the gifts of eloquence and executive ability combined. He has tact, and he is a positive person. He is especially facile in putting business through in short order. He is personally popular both with the older and the newer elements, and he would make an ideal compromise candidate. If the ancient custom of not making a man president of the Exchange twice is to be broken, it is argued that the breaking should be made in favor of a young man who represents the spirit of St. Louis to-day. The movement against Mr. Gardner's election and the movement in favor of Mr. Stanard's election are certain to result in bad feeling on 'Change, and that can be avoided by some such compromise as the moderates have suggested. In the interest of harmony on 'Change the suggestion of Mr. Tansey's candidacy is receiving careful consideration from those members who look beyond the issues of personality between Messrs. Gardner and Stanard to the interests of the Merchants' Exchange.



Queer Athletics and Queer Finance.

THE Missouri Athletic Club management is doing some mighty queer financing in the endeavor to keep the "shebang" going. It has a get-rich-quick look to it. The members are offered bonds, to be paid for in advance assessments for club memberships. They are not bonds of the club, but bonds of the company operating the club. There is a shortage in payments upon the alleged club's property that the company wants the club members to make good. The thing is a graft—nothing else. The Missouri Athletic Club is no club at all. It is the cover of a private snap affair designed to pull off prize-fights between the big bruisers and to net the company promoters large sums during the World's Fair from a pugilistic carnival. The Missouri Athletic Club is a blind for the big fighting game. It is a blind for even worse things if, as has been hinted, we must look in the neighborhood of some of this club's sponsors for the identity of the anonymous promoters of the great "hooker" ball given on Thanksgiving eve. The Missouri Athletic Club is a branch of the Columbia Theater graft, and it has roped in a lot of reputable people to give the World's Fair fighting game a show of legality and respectability. Judge Daniel G. Taylor of the Circuit Court, a member of the Advisory Board of this fake club, rendered a decision not long ago knocking out a Physical Culture Club as a device to evade the law against prize fighting, when the Physical Culture Club was, in fact, and in every presumption, just as legal as the club of which Judge Daniel G. Taylor is, or was, a member of the Advisory Board. The authorities have no right to connive at law breaking under forms of law when the law breakers are rich and powerful. They have no right to permit one proprietary club to run when they shut up another. The Missouri Athletic Club is not a

whit more legal than was Charlie Haughton's West End Club, which has been closed up. The prize fighting game is no more worthy of support or tolerance when it is run by the Columbia Theater "bunch" than when it is run by anyone else. When "the Missouri Amusement and Club Supply Company operating the Missouri Athletic Club" puts up a job to monopolize the profits on the big prize fights it thinks it can pull off, there may be advocates of a wide-open town who would stand for such an evasion of law during the period when the world at large will be the city's guests and will have to be entertained, but when this graft is to be furthered by an issue of "bum" bonds there is no one who will stand for such a barefaced scheme to skin the public. The Club is not what it purports to be. The company is working the "club" idea to raise money. There has been no money to speak of put up by the company. All the money that has been paid out has come from the club members who would be just as much members of a club if they paid any saloonist and restaurateur a certain sum per year for the privilege of seeing scraps in his back room. The Missouri Athletic Club is just the same sort of a club as was the Manhattan Athletic Club in New York, which broke up with such a scandal not long ago. The Missouri Amusement and Supply Company's bonds are flimsy. They are not secured by anything that is visible to the naked eye. The Missouri Athletic Club is monopolizing the fighting graft in St. Louis under forms of law which evade the law by stretching it, and the scheme to pull off big fights and, probably, more "hooker" balls is being premised by a bond issue in contemplation of which it is to laugh. The MIRROR doesn't believe in a blue law town, especially during the World's Fair period. The MIRROR believes that the town will have to be wide open in order that the visitors may not be bored to death, in order that a great many visitors may lead the life here during their stay, that they have been used to live. This may not sound like high ethics, but it is a recognition of a fact that cannot be evaded. The MIRROR, however, does not believe that people in the company back of the Missouri Athletic Club should be allowed to monopolize the prize fighting game by a trick. Neither does the MIRROR believe that the same or allied crowds of cinchers should be permitted to rig up a scheme to control gambling here during the World's Fair. The MIRROR doesn't believe in granting any secret set of men the right to run "hooker" balls here during the World's Fair or before it. And the MIRROR is not going to be "pacified" by the discharge of Mr. Genslinger by the Missouri Athletic Club or the Missouri Amusement and Club Supply Company. The game won't work. It is not on the square. It is a trick to use a number of decent men as a shield behind which to grab a nasty "bunch of dough." The interest of the best men in the city in athletics is not to be used to further a graft, to cover up the operations of a few men who are willing even to pocket the shekels that may be shelled out by the suckers at a "hooker" ball like that given Thanksgiving eve, for it appears to be well known around town that the same influences behind the fake club and the "bum" bond issue are behind the class of enterprises of which the first is the "hooker" ball. If the town is to be "wide open," let it be so without any pseudo-respectable "cinch" upon the profits which accrue from the things that "go" under "wide open" conditions.



Paralyzing the Shoe Industry.

THE inadequacy of agreements between employer and union employe seems to have had a timely illustration in St. Louis in the past few days, when one

of the city's greatest industries, shoe manufacturing, has been sadly hampered through contentions of local unions of shoe makers and their national officers. Of the 1,800 unionists the greater part has taken a stand against the national body, and the situation has become so complex that the various firms really do not know which way to proceed. If they recognize the suspended unionists, the National board threatens to withdraw from them the use of the union label, the contract for which was made with the National organization. On the other hand, the employes declare that employers must deal with no one but the local unions. Strikes have been threatened, and it is a question whether the difficulty ever will be satisfactorily adjusted. It is bad enough when the unionists fall out with the employer, but when the latter is caught between contending hosts of unionists, he is, indeed, to be pitied. This is a busy season in the shoe factories, and any conflict that will cause a shut down, such as is threatened, will be a costly one to both manufacturer and employe. The paralysis of St. Louis' shoe manufacturing industry is not a possibility to be contemplated without grave fear that the city's supremacy in that line may be lost as a result of the present bickerings, and that thousands of employes, men and women, boys and girls, may be thrown out of work during the winter season. The unionists are doing almost as much as, if not more than, the devious capitalists to bring on hard times and make for a widespread area and long period of human suffering.



Calling the Crooks Here.

CONSIDERABLE criticism has, of late, been directed from certain quarters against the so-called inefficiency of the police force, in handling criminals. As a matter of fact, the Police Department has not been so much remiss in the performance of its duty. The only dangerous or active criminals who have infested St. Louis within the past year have been captured. The saloon, ice-box robbers have been run to earth, and various others of the infesting brigand bands have been jailed. Credit for the good work done by the police should be as freely given as is criticism of the whole force for the occasional shortcomings of a few. As a matter of fact, considering the size of the city, the St. Louis police force compares favorably with departments of other cities which have not near the same amount of territory to cover, and yet have nearly, if not exactly, the same number of men. It is, perhaps, well to remind some of the rabid critics of the St. Louis police force that their utterances only serve to invite to the city the army of migratory crooks only too anxious to come for the spoils to be taken away during the World's Fair. The crooks are coming here in great enough numbers without the incitement they can find in stories of the city's police force's incompetency or corruption. The police force is not large enough now. It will be inadequate to the task of dealing with the horde of grafters that will be attracted by the Fair. Why, then, summon all the crooks in the country to swarm here before the police can be strengthened to cope with them? This wholesale attack upon the police force is a folly and a sin against the city equal to all the rest of the talking and writing about the city's shamelessness. The stories printed about the inability and stupidity of the St. Louis police force are mostly lies, just as the stories of the citizens' lack of sympathy with the prosecution of legislative boddlers are lies. With the conjunction of hard times, the throwing of men out of employment, and the natural drift of the lawless predatory elements towards a city wherein will be congregated so many thousands of strangers, it is to be

The Mirror

expected that there would be an increase of crimes against person and property. The St. Louis police force has battled with the advance guard of the army of crooks, thus far, successfully; but it will not be able to do so if the St. Louis papers send out the news to the rest of the country that the inefficiency of the force makes this place a paradise for the burglars and highwaymen and other thieves. That is an infernally bad policy which, in knocking the police force invites the crooks to come to town, and warns the decent people to stay away. St. Louis is unfortunate in that its own publications and many of its own people are industriously knocking it in every way at the very time, above all others, when they should be most active in putting up inducements to attract people to the city. The St. Louis papers have done nothing for the Fair thus far that has had half the effect of their elaboration of one item that has been effective as a knock against it—the story that a barber near the Union Station charged a “rube” \$8 for a shave, shine and hair cut. St. Louis citizens are not an aggregation of crooks and sympathizers with crooks. They are not shameless. They are very much ashamed of their great newspapers which, for political purposes, are misrepresenting the city and its government. St. Louis, as a result of the word and works of some of its own citizens, is in danger of gaining the reputation of “the rottenest city in the United States.” Lincoln J. Steffens has said that all the people are apathetic towards conditions here. Mr. Steffens exaggerates the conditions and lies about the public attitude toward the conditions. Mr. Steffens’ inspiration comes from the same source that gives the inspiration to the papers which are summoning the thieves to picnic here during the World’s Fair. The town must be damned and offered up for plunder to the whole of crookdom for one purpose—to boom Mr. Folk.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is not wholly “out of character,” as a Panama revolutionist, but we all could have wished that he would be a revolutionist in the open, and not under cover.

The Late Mr. Jonathan Rice.

JONATHAN RICE, who died suddenly last Monday, was a citizen whose loss will long be felt by the entire business community, and especially by his Jewish co-religionists. Mr. Rice represented Judaism at its modern highest and best, its catholicism of charity and philanthropy, its cultured side, its exalted idealism. The great wholesale dry goods house of which he was the leading spirit, demonstrated in its dealings with customers and employes the possibility of identifying idealism with business affairs. Mr. Rice was always among the first to volunteer funds and personal effort in the furtherance of good works. He was identified with all helpful, elevating civic, social, altruistic movements, and he was dowered with a capacity for enthusiasm that was admirably tempered with common sense, so that he was always a factor of effective progressiveness in every undertaking that enlisted his interest. He was one of the most distinguished and esteemed men of his race and creed in the West and South, his benevolent activities so noted during the past quarter of a century in this city having been well known long before in the smaller fields of effort afforded by cities like St. Joseph, Mo., and Memphis, Tenn. His work at Memphis during a terrible scourge of yellow fever won him the love of the Southern people, to whom his chivalry in that crisis appealed with peculiar force. Mr. Rice, whose years numbered sixty, was nevertheless blessed with a youthful heart and an ever-interested mind. He was a genial, kindly man of a wide range of varied human inter-

ests with which the management of a large business never interfered. He lived, to a very great extent, in and for others, and he gave unremitting attention to all forms of endeavor for the advancement of the world and the uplifting of humanity. He was one of St. Louis’ typical best citizens, with much more than the average citizen’s gift of noble imagination and fine feeling for the finer things of the spirit. In truth, his death has come upon the community with a resultant more widely diffused sense of personal loss than would have been experienced with regard to almost any other man not conspicuously placed in the public eye.



Robbing the Poor.

THE *Globe-Democrat* is howling about “graft” in the city’s eleemosynary institutions. It does not print the fact that this graft had been in progress under the Ziegenhein Republican Administration, or the further fact that the graft would never have been exposed, but for the still further fact that Doctor John H. Simon, the Democratic Health Commissioner, had placed in the institutions honest Democrats who uncovered the rascality. Robbing the sick, the poor, the insane, was a little game invented by the Republican gang and continued into this administration, until Democratic appointees disclosed its workings and the Democratic Health Commissioner “fired” the thieves.



Nolle Prosequi.

THE Circuit Attorney has done an act of tardy justice in entering a nolle prosequi in the bribery case against Mr. Emile A. Meysenburg. The Supreme Court decided that Mr. Meysenburg’s indictment, trial and conviction were a travesty upon justice. It decided this more than a year ago. But ever since the Circuit Attorney has been trying to re-indict Mr. Meysenburg, and no Grand Jury would stand for it in the face of what the highest legal authority in the State had said. For more than a year Mr. Meysenburg has been kept on the griddle, held in prolonged torture. Now, at his own elegant leisure, the Circuit Attorney nolle proseques the case that the Supreme Court reversed with such a withering blast against the incompetency amounting almost to stultitude of the trial processes.



Miss Dreyer’s Case.

ANNA DREYER, the woman who had her virginity sworn away by a false affidavit upon a bogus medical examination in order to punish her for testifying against certain actions of the St. Louis Postmaster, is to have a hearing. Isn’t that generous of Uncle Sam? Here’s hoping that the hearing will show up the physician who certified from an examination of a woman he knew was not Miss Dreyer that the real Miss Dreyer had been the subject of an abortion. This case of Miss Dreyer is the most devilish piece of villainy ever concocted in politics, but there’s only one daily paper in St. Louis brave enough to expose it, and that’s the *Post-Dispatch*. None of the other papers mention the matter, simply because they don’t see any way whereby they can make it redound to the disadvantage of the Democratic party or the advantage of Mr. Folk.



PIERPONT MORGAN is surely on the down grade. Rockefeller and Carnegie have taken the Steel Trust away from him, and now he has become muddled up in the generally discredited Panama deal. Other reputations than that of De Lesseps are likely to be buried in Panama.



The Blair Insurance.

IN an article on Mr. Blair’s insurance printed in the *MIRROR* last week the impression was conveyed that the New York Life Insurance Company had applied to the United States courts to have certain poli-

cies issued to Mr. James L. Blair cancelled upon various grounds of fraud and misrepresentation. This was an error. The New York Life issued incontestable policies to Mr. Blair, and it still admits those policies to be incontestable for any cause whatever. The suits to annul the Blair insurance were brought by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.



SOME CARNEGIE HISTORY

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is the only one of America’s “captains of industry” who was fortunate and far-sighted enough to withdraw from the field of fierce industrial competition at the right time and on the right terms. When he disposed of his large interests in the Carnegie Steel Co., in the early part of 1901, he knew full well that the industrial and speculative clocks had struck eleven and that he had Morgan and the entire Sanhedrim of stock-jobbers completely at his mercy. He took advantage of an opportunity which he foreknew would not present itself again in his lifetime, and sold at a profit thoroughly gratifying to his robustly developed sense of acquisitiveness. It is no exaggeration to state that he was the principal beneficiary of the most advantageous “deal” of this kind ever made up to or since that fateful juncture in the defunct and discredited consolidation era.

In his writings and lectures, Andrew Carnegie invariably makes it a point to dwell upon the indispensability of individual worth and work in the building up of great industries and great fortunes. He insists, in very deed, that noteworthy material success in life can never be aught else but the inevitable result of ceaseless, well-directed and strenuous individual exertion. He would have us understand that there is no such thing as “luck,” that there can be no such factor as adventitious assistance in the gaining of conspicuous success in life. At one time he asserted that, even at his present age, he would not find it difficult to accumulate another great fortune in the iron and steel business, if mishap were suddenly to deprive him of his present possessions.

He is unquestionably right in emphasizing the sterling value of industrious habits, thrift and good moral character in every line of business and profession. But the Scotch Laird puts a serious strain upon our capabilities of belief when he insists that “luck” is either entirely absent or a negligible quantity in the achievement of worldly triumphs. For do we not know from our own experience, or that of others, that the enjoyment of adventitious helpful factors, or an unexpected conjuncture of ambition and opportunity, sometimes (or shall we say, frequently?) converts failure into signal triumph?

In Carnegie’s own rise to material greatness the favor of fortune, the caprices of time and men, the potent influences of political legislation and affiliations, ever played a dominant and thought-compelling rôle. This is strikingly made clear by James Howard Bridge, in his recently published book entitled “The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company,” (The Aldine Book Co., New York). Mr. Bridge, who, during his many years of official connection with the company, was given ample occasion to acquire, and in his pages displays, an intimate knowledge of inside affairs, makes the unequivocal statement that the Carnegie Steel Company “is not the creation of any man, nor indeed of any set of men. It is a natural evolution, and the conditions of its growth are of the same general character as those of the “flower in the crannied wall.”

In the upbuilding of the company Andrew Carnegie was exceptionally favored in various ways, but in none

more saliently than in political legislation, which imposed high protective duties upon steel products, and thereby vitally stimulated the growth and earning capacity of the company's plants. Thus we read: "The profits of the Carnegie companies rose from \$512,068.46, in 1879, to \$2,000,377.42, in 1881, and \$2,128,422.91, in 1882; for while the cost of rails was between \$34 and \$38.50, the average price received during these years was \$56.26. It is obvious that but for the tariff these enormous gains would have been impossible, and the magnificent series of blast furnaces, into the construction of which these profits went, would never have been built." In 1884, Andrew Carnegie himself declared: "We are creatures of the tariff." The imposition of protective duties swelled the dividend payments immensely. In one year they aggregated one hundred and forty per cent. This caused Carnegie to exclaim at one time: "Where is there such a business?"

In spite, however, of all this marvelous prosperity, the astute Scotch ironmonger never neglected to look for opportunities to sell his properties to other parties and to make the financial *coup* of his life. He fully realized that it was a protective tariff more than anything else which turned his iron into gold. Without enormous duties on imports, the company would have had to be satisfied with dividends no larger than those paid by unprotected industries. And so as early as 1889 he made diligent efforts to dispose of his holding to British bankers and capitalists. At that time, American stocks were eagerly bought in the London market, and Carnegie naturally thought that the sale could be effected with facility. Such was not the case, however. The "deal" fell through, for reasons not readily understandable.

In 1889, the net profits of all the company's plants amounted to \$3,540,000; in 1894, to \$4,000,000; in 1899, to \$12,000,000.

It is interesting to note that in 1899 the W. H. Moore syndicate of Chicago endeavored to secure an option on the Carnegie-Frick properties with a view to combining them. The terms of the contract had already been drawn up, and, if carried out, would have given Carnegie a first mortgage on all the partnership assets, and thereby a preference over all his associates. The supervision, however, of the speculative panic induced by the sudden death of Roswell P. Flower, the daring and leading stock market plunger of that time, compelled the Moore syndicate to withdraw from the pourparlers, the money market having become seriously deranged through the distrust aroused in the banking community by the startling collapse in various prominent securities.

In the early months of 1901, Andrew Carnegie made his famous "bluff" in connection with the project to build extensive steel tube plants at Conneaut and an independent railway line from Pittsburg to tidewater. Coming, as it did, at a time when the speculative furore was at its height, and confidence largely conditioned upon a continuance of unimpaired prosperity in the iron and steel industry, it gravely perturbed the safety of Morgan's plans and commissions, and bid fair to bring the stock exchange saturnalia to a sudden and disastrous halt. Something had to be done, and that quickly, to prevent Carnegie from making good his threat. All the syndicate managers and stock manipulators hastened to Morgan's office and implored him to exert himself and to placate the Pittsburg *enfant terrible*, no matter how. Morgan was given *carte blanche*.

Elaborate arrangements were made for a "swell" dinner. Invitations were sent to all the parties in interest, including leading bankers and market operators. During the courses, Morgan conferred with

Carnegie's special *protégé*, Charles M. Schwab, who made quite an impression upon the eminent financier by dwelling at length and in fascinatingly Schwabian manner upon the conditions and future of the iron industry. Subsequently, direct negotiations were opened with Pittsburg headquarters, the final upshot being the absorption of all the Carnegie plants by the United States Steel corporation then in process of organization.

It was a masterly achievement in financial diplomacy,—this brow-beating of redoubtable Morgan and the entire *haute finance* on the part of Andrew Carnegie. There was Scotch foresight, judgment, *finesse* for you, but, above all, a gigantic, monumental "bluff."

Payment was principally made in United States Steel 5 per cent mortgage bonds. Since 1901, these securities and the preferred and common shares have vastly depreciated in value. But Andrew Carnegie does not and need not worry. He is amply secured. Like *Shylock*, he has and clings to his bond, assuring him of profit and property, no matter what tides may befall.



RUGBY FOOTBALL

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

AFTER all it was the volunteer soldiers of the United States who won the Civil War, and it was the volunteer soldier of the Confederacy who apotheosized defeat by giving to the world its first and finest example of titanic fury, indomitable loyalty and final equanimity in honorable defeat. The Civil War waged between the North and the South in the disunited United States, was the bloodiest, the most costly and the most populous series of embattled combats in all the history of the human race.

In the opinion of many military experts the army of Lee, fighting as it fought in the great rebellion, would have been a match or a master for the army of any single nation on earth outside of the United States. Then, as now, militarism was hardly an acknowledged profession in this country. Fighting with weapons was either an ultimate duty or a pastime with the men who fought. It is probable, and perhaps desirable, that this nation will never become a military race. That it is already a fighting race, the world knows most well. As a digression, the writer is fain to contend that we are the most aggressive, the most emulous, the most grasping, the most adventurous and power loving people since the world began. Imperialism, *per se*, is as un-American in theory as taxation without representation, but deep down in our national heart is an infinite desire for and delight in the subjugation and acquisition of foreign lands and peoples.

Baseball is no longer the American "National Game." It is too professional for us. As a spectacle—fine! Like chess or sham battles or military evolutions at Aldershot, things for which we pay to see because we are too disinterested to participate! Baseball may be the great national amusement, but it is no longer the national sport. Racing, wrestling, boxing, cycling, all of these have passed from the realm of sport to the realm of trade. We know and practice something of each of them, but only enough to make us willing ticket-buyers to "a show." Golf in America is swiftly coming to be what it has been for centuries in Scotland and England—a healthy pastime, half scientific, half pastoral; a selfish game for egoists and specialists, a game that suits the votary of solitaire almost as well as the victim of two-handed casino.

My boy came to dinner last night with a badly lacerated nose and a black eye. A foul tackle on the enemy's twenty-yard line and a straight-arm jolt from an intercepting guard made this peace-loving child look like the loser in an alley riot. Proud? As proud as Cæsar with barbaric princes chained to his triumphal car.

"I ran forty yards for a touch-down!" he explained.

No game has ever been devised in which the individual ingenuity, courage, audacity and skill of the player is so unhampered as in football. It is battle in miniature in which one boy or one man may be either horse, foot or artillery as nature intended him or training equipped him. Cunning is pitted against brawn; foresight against muscle; agility against numbers. The eye, the hand, the leg, the foot, the brain, and above all, the heart are in the play from the kick-off to the final whistle. In its very freedom from mechanical constraint lies its best appeal to the boys of America. The possible variations of effort and achievement in a single game are enough to fix forever the interest and enthusiasm of the participant and the spectator. It is liberty and aggression—the first our national creed and the second our dominant characteristic.

Confrontment with danger is a passion with the American boy and man. Combat is the breath of his nostrils. Blows are tokens of esteem. Scars are glorified badges of courage. A fake punt carried into the enemy's territory is diplomacy that wins in the face of hostile might. The quarter-back who drops a goal from the field is the eagle of battle; the line plunger is the bull-dog of war; the hurdling half-back is the flying cavalry which takes stone-walls in its stride and puts fine points into the holes made by the artillery of the line.

The football players of the United States are volunteers, sentimentalists, amateurs, poets and practicals in a sport which is swiftly becoming an involuntary and yet eloquent expression of our national traits. All the rest of the world cannot muster an army of Rugby players one-fourth as great as that of the United States. It is estimated that in the universities colleges, high and elementary schools, and outside organizations, there are to-day in the United States more than 200,000 Rugby football players of all ages and stations of life. On the famous gridirons East and West, North and South, on the vacant lots in every city and village more than two million peace-loving American citizens have assembled this autumn to witness and cheer the tousled combatants in this fighting game.

Occasional deaths and numerous disfigurements have had no appreciable influence towards diminishing the popularity of the sport. It is no game for weaklings, or cowards or dullards. The great colleges have enforced a rule by which no man is eligible to the football squad who is delinquent in his studies. The result of this legislation has been to enhance the football efficiency of the candidates for athletic honors. The stringent regulations against all forms and styles of professionalism have served to keep the game where it belongs—wholly in the hands of amateurs who play it not less spiritedly, not less furiously, because their native passion for supremacy is uninfluenced by necessity and untarnished by the desire for monetary gain.

I believe that the football vogue will wax broad and mighty until it will overshadow and surpass all other sports. I believe that it is a natural and irresistible ebullition of the inherent tendencies of the youth of this nation. The doctrine that we are a home-keeping, peace-loving, non-aggressive people is a

fable based only upon our forbears' theories of what we ought to be. It is not a question as to whether we are what we ought to be, or whether we are living and will live up to or down to the ideals of our national ancestors. No matter what we may wish to be or seem as a people; peaceful, pastoral, patient, modest, generous, non-assertive or what not; the fact remains that we are the most aggressive, pugnacious, adventurous, inquisitive, acquisitive and masterful race that ever assembled within the margins of three seas.

The beginning, conduct and culmination of the Spanish war and its resultant invasions of foreign territory proved that. The speed and gaiety with which the army of volunteers was mustered; the rage and disappointment of the thousands who failed to get into a fight; the adaptability and almost miraculous efficiency of our "paper-collar" soldiery in actual warfare; the readiness and even enthusiasm with which the masses of our people adopted the new departure which some called imperialism and others called manifest destiny—but which all accepted with either equanimity or pride—all these recent demonstrations of our true racial tendencies go to prove that we are, over and above our boasted patriotism, natural-born fighters, aggressors, conquerors.

And that's why football is coming to be our national sport.



LADIES OF THE OLDEN TIME

BY JULIA M. ADY.

IN his excellent study on the French and Italian women of the Renaissance, the late M. de Maulde la Clavière drew a clever parallel between the ladies of the fifteenth century and those of our own times. The comparison holds good in many respects. In the frank assertion of their own individuality, in their love of graceful and luxurious surroundings, in their keen enjoyment of hunting and outdoor life, in their eagerness to see and hear the last new thing—above all, in their resolute determination to have 'a good time'—the great ladies of the Renaissance differed little from the English or American women of our own day. But there was one marked difference between them. Italian ladies of rank in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries received a classical education and were remarkable for the wide range of their culture and keen intellectual interests. The young princesses of Mantua and Ferrara, of Milan and Urbino, were all educated with their brothers and enjoyed the same advantages. That model teacher, the great Mantuan, Vittorino da Feltre, educated boys and girls alike in his famous Casa Giocosa, and Cecilia Gonzaga was the most accomplished of all his pupils. At eight this marvellous child read and wrote both Latin and Greek fluently; at twelve Ippolita Sforza, the Duke of Milan's daughter, recited a Latin oration before Pope Pius II., and at a still earlier age Caterina Sforza, afterwards known to fame as the Virago of Forlì, welcomed her future brother-in-law, Cardinal Riario, in Latin verses of her own composition. Isabella d'Este read Cicero and Virgil from earliest years at Ferrara, and pursued her classical studies with undiminished ardor amid all the stir and gaiety of her married life at Mantua.

The deep-rooted conviction that classical learning was the chief ornament of life, as well as the sense that in these unsettled times women might at any moment be called to govern their husbands' subjects and administer affairs of state, no doubt led to this result. "A young girl," said Bembo, "should learn Latin. It adds a finishing touch to her charms." This wide-spread admiration for intellectual attainments showed itself in the very fashions of the age. In their anxiety to appear clever and give breadth to the forehead, ladies dragged back their hair and shaved their brows, as we see, for instance, in Pisanello's pic-

ture of Margherita Gonzaga, or Piero della Francesca's portrait of Battista Sforza. A truer sense of beauty soon led to a change of fashion in hair-dressing, but the enthusiasm for learning remained the same.

The education of a lady, Castiglione maintains, should be such as to place her on a level with her husband. She should be sufficiently familiar with all branches of art and science, and with the principles of law and government, to be able to form an intelligent judgment on any subject that may be brought before her. But neither the domestic virtues nor the graces of womanhood are to be sacrificed. The perfect lady will be a devoted wife and mother, attending to every detail of her children's education and the management of her household. Above all she will be gentle and womanly, charming and agreeable in all her ways. Castiglione's ideal, it must be owned, was singularly realized in two of the chief ladies whose presence adorned the Court of Urbino. Both Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were highly cultivated women, equally well versed in classical learning and current literature, in French and Spanish romances or Italian prose and poetry. But they were neither of them in the slightest degree pedants or blue-stockings. Charm, indeed, was the especial gift of these Renaissance women. "A beautiful woman," says a speaker in the "Cortegiano," "is one who never fails to please." And, first of all, this refinement of soul will appear in her dress, which will always be at once suitable and becoming. Dress was certainly a subject of the first importance among these accomplished ladies, a task which demanded their best intelligence and most serious consideration. The highest authorities in matters of taste, the most distinguished poets and painters, were consulted when a new robe or mantle was to be designed. Both Isabella d'Este and her sister Beatrice were renowned for the elegance and variety of their costumes. The More's young wife is described by the annalist Muralti as *novarum vestium inventrix*, and the fashions adopted by the Marchioness of Mantua were eagerly followed both in France and Italy. The secret of these new designs was jealously guarded. We find Susanna Gonzaga humbly asking leave to copy a fringe of little gold pistols worn by Isabella, and Beatrice writing to beg her sister's permission to reproduce a certain *fantasia* of interlaced links invented by Messrs. Niccolo da Correggio, in gold and enamel on a purple velvet robe, which she proposed to wear at an imperial wedding. All manner of quaint designs, Arabic letters and Spanish mottoes, Oriental patterns and musical notes were introduced in the borders of robes and mantles. One of Isabella's gowns was embroidered with seven-branched candlesticks, the vest and sleeves of another were decorated with representations of the light-house of the port of Genoa, woven in cloth of gold. Countless were the sumptuous robes of satin and brocade, and trimmed with costly furs or gold and silver lace, and the plumed and jewelled hats to match, worn by these ladies on great occasions when they entered Milan or Ferrara in state, or paid visits to Venice and Urbino. Not only their own clothes and jewels, but those of the courtiers and ladies who attended them on these journeys, occupied their minds for weeks beforehand, and, no doubt, the impression which they produced on French ambassadors or Venetian senators was often a consideration of high political importance in the eyes of their husbands.

Their great anxiety to retain youth and beauty as they advanced in life led these Renaissance ladies to spend much time in collecting recipes for washes and cosmetics. At the close of her troubled and eventful life we find Caterina Sforza sending to a Jewess for the secret of a certain *acqua a far bella* which she possessed, and the same warlike lady left a large manuscript volume, in which recipes for keeping the hands and teeth white, dyeing the hair gold, and giving a beautiful carnation to the cheeks, are mingled with prescriptions for curing headaches and heartaches, driving away melancholy, making nineteen-carat gold, or turning tin into silver,

Music and singing were accomplishments common to all ladies of rank. "Music," exclaims Castiglione, "is the light and joy of life—as excellent a thing as love itself," and the art of Giorgione and Raphael, of Costa and Dossi, shows us how great a part it played in the courtly life of those days. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the manufacture of musical instruments attained a high degree of perfection, and the viols and clavichords made by Lorenzo da Pavia, "the master of organs," for the Este princesses were as remarkable for beauty of shape and material as for the sweetness of their melodies. Duchess Elizabeth, we know, sang Virgil's lines to the music of her lute, and Isabella d'Este charmed the guests at Lucrezia Borgia's wedding by her singing and playing. The foremost scholars of the day, Bembo and Niccolo da Correggio, Galeatto di Carreto, and Gaspare Visconti were proud to write *strambotti* or arrange Petrarch's *canzoni* to be set to music at Mantua for the fair Marchesa, and the great humanist Trissino addressed a sonnet to Madonna Isabella playing the lute.

Dancing was a still more universal accomplishment. The Estes, Gonzagas, and Sforzas learned to dance almost as soon as they could speak, and a certain Lorenzo, who was said to be a past master in the art, traveled from court to court teaching these little princesses in turn. At six years old Isabella danced before the Mantuan envoy with the most fascinating grace, and long afterwards when she paid Louis the Twelfth a visit at Milan, she was described by a French chronicler as "*une belle dame qui dansait à merveille*." Charles the Eighth was so delighted with Beatrice's dancing, when the young Duchess came to meet him at Ancona, that he begged her to dance before him not only in the Italian but also in the French fashion, which she did, we are told, with infinite grace and charm. Muralti describes this lively young princess as fond of spending the whole night in songs and dancing. Corio relates how she watched her ladies dance in her rooms in the Castello of Milan till within a few hours of her tragic death. Occasionally these high-born ladies were present at rustic festivals in the neighborhood of their country houses, and Leonora Gonzaga, the young Duchess of Urbino, after being fêted by Pope and cardinals in Rome, enjoyed nothing so much as a dance with the peasant girls on a village green in the neighborhood of her old home at Mantua.

All the sister arts, music, poetry and dancing, were combined in the dramatic representations which formed so important a part of Christmas and carnival festivities at the courts of Italy. Ferrara was in an especial manner the home of the drama, and Duke Ercole's daughters and granddaughters shared their fathers' taste for theatricals, and looked on with equal interest at the "Mencochima" and *Amphitryon* of Plautus, or the comedies of Ariosto and Strozzi. The play might be dull and tasteless, the plot tedious and complicated, but it was enlivened by interludes of masques and dances, by the music of lute and viol, the best painted scenery. Mantegna's triumphs were more than once employed to decorate the stage at Mantua; Raphael painted the scenery when Ariosto's "Suppositi" was performed before Leo the Tenth at the house of Cardinal Cibo; and when an operetta was performed at the Duke of Milan's wedding, Leonardo constructed a revolving sphere with actors in appropriate costume representing the different planets. These mechanical effects filled our cultured ladies with childish delight, and nothing pleased them better than to see Daphne transformed into a laurel, or Herodias with a rope round her neck dragged down by little black devils to hell fires, Perseus slaying the Gorgon, or golden balls exploding to reveal armed Moors and Turks. If in these mimic shows we see the precursors of the Christmas pantomime, Castiglione's description of the first performance of Cardinal Bibbiena's "Calandra" at Urbino reminds us curiously of the Wagner festivals at Baireuth. The orchestra was kept out of sight, the audience sat on carpets on the floor, lustres and garlands of flowers decorated the walls, and stucco forti-

fictions surrounded the stage and auditorium. A prelude acted by children was followed by a series of tableaux of the "Story of Jason and Perseus," and the bulls with nostrils flaming fire, and the swans at Juno's feet, were so real that for a moment Castiglione believed them to be alive! At the close of the play Cupid recited an epilogue, to the music of violins, and a quartette of unaccompanied voices sang the praise of love. Perhaps Bibbiena's play, with its broad jokes and doubtful situations, could hardly be fitly compared with Wagner's Trilogy, but the intention of both music dramas was the same, and the aim of the Urbino performance as that of the Baireuth festival was the glorification of ideal love.

If the ladies of the fifteenth century had their Baireuths, they also had their Ammergaus. Sacred plays were still common in Italy, and the story of Joseph and of John the Baptist shared the popularity of Apollo's loves of Hercules' labors. Pilgrimages to Loreto afforded Isabella d'Este a frequent excuse for gratifying her love of travel. Many were the pleasant journeys which she took in the fair springtime through the Umbrian hill country, by St. Francis' home at Assisi to the sanctuary on the Adriatic shores, returning to spend Easter with Duchess Elizabeth in the famous palace on the heights of Urbino or among the delicious gardens and fountains of Gubbio. The Santo at Padua and the Annunziata at Florence were popular shrines with all those great ladies, while a trip to Venice afforded opportunities for those water pageants and serenades in which they took delight. Isabella was the most indefatigable of sight-seers, and since fêtes and formal receptions by the Doge and Senate occupied too much of her time on her first visit to Venice, she went back there a few years later with the Duchess of Urbino *incognito*, climbed the Campanile, saw the Arsenal and Treasury and all the chief palaces and churches as thoroughly as any modern tourist. For many years, however, her wish to see Rome remained unfulfilled, but at length this great desire was gratified. In 1514, she spent the autumn in the Eternal City, and was magnificently entertained during the following Carnival by Pope Leo the Tenth and her cardinal friends. Many years afterwards she returned and became the unwilling witness of the siege and sack of Rome. On one occasion this enterprising lady crossed the Alps and visited the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene at Marseilles, although she was never able to accomplish her intended pilgrimage to Sant' Iago of Compostella. And when affairs of state or family duties kept her at Mantua, there was always the possibility of spending a few days on the Lago di Garda, reading Catullus and Virgil on the shores of Sirmio or among the lemon groves of the lovely Riviera di Salò, where she felt herself, as she wrote to her friend Trissino, "altogether disposed to poetry and contemplation."

The culture of these Renaissance ladies made its influence felt on all around them. It diffused an atmosphere of sweetness and light through the society in which they moved. It threw a glamour over state functions and court pageants and lent a charm to the common details of everyday life—"the small particular concerns of hearth and home." When a daughter was married or a child was born, the best painters of the day were called in to do honor to the occasion. Ercole Roberti designed the wedding chariot and nuptial bed of Isabella d'Este, and painted the *cassoni* for her trousseau. Another Ferrara master prepared the gorgeous cradle which Duchess Leonora presented to her daughter Beatrice for the use of her first-born son, and which Lodovico Sforza declared to be a gift worthy of any emperor. When a pet dog died, the foremost scholars of the age wrote epigrams and elegies, in Latin and Italian, for its grave. When a new dinner-service was required, painters and goldsmiths took counsel together and prepared designs from the best antique models. The Duchess of Ferrara's service of gold and crystal dishes and flagons, supported by dolphins, griffins and fauns, was the envy and admiration of all her guests, and Isabella d'Este's

majolica plates of finest Faenza ware, painted by the best masters of Urbino, are the ornament of our public museums and private collections. The doll which Leonora of Aragon sent to Milan for her son's child-bride, Anna Sforza, was dressed from designs prepared by court painters, and her parrot's cage was gilded and decorated by the same artists.

Even the field sports in which these ladies took part, their hawking and hunting parties, had a touch of romance about them. We read of Caterina Sforza, in the flower of youth and beauty, setting out at the head of her ladies, clad in scarlet caps and jackets, to chase the deer and wild goats on the Roman Campagna, and resting at noonday in a shady ilex-grove by a running stream, where refreshments were served by court pages to the music of flutes and guitars, and one cardinal recited a Pindaric ode, while another invoked Diana in Latin verse. And we think of Duchess Beatrice riding out, in her green velvet habit embroidered with gold, or her cap and vest of rose color and silver, to meet that mighty hunter, Kaiser Maximilian, in the mountains of Tyrol, and seeing the long procession wind down the steep hillside to the sound of the merry hunting-horns. But these hunting-parties were no mere pageants or idle shows. Many of these princesses were fearless riders, who often ran desperate risks in hunting the stag or wild boar and narrowly escaped with their lives. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Lodovico describes one occasion in which his young wife found herself engaged in a fierce conflict with a savage boar, and another when a wounded stag gored her horse and lifted her in the saddle a lance's height from the ground, to the terror and alarm of all her companions. Then, as now, there were not wanting fastidious persons who took objection to hunting as a perilous and unfeminine occupation for ladies. Giuliano dei Medici and Cesare Gonzaga agreed in condemning riding, hunting, and playing at *palla* as alike unsuitable for women, although Giuliano owned that he had seen ladies of rank indulge in these sports with grace and skill. Here and there a young and high-spirited princess, such as Beatrice d'Este, might play *palla* with her courtiers and brothers in the frescoed gallery of the Castello of Pavia, but as a rule ladies of rank were content to look on, while the men took part in what Burckhardt calls the classic game of the Renaissance.

Card playing, on the other hand, was the commonest and most approved amusement of all these ladies. The manufacture of playing cards was a recognized industry at Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara, and some of the dainty packs of cards used by these princesses, and adorned with designs and devices of every variety, are still preserved. Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were as inveterate gamblers as any fashionable ladies of the present day, and spent whole mornings playing *scartino* together. Besides this favorite game, which was probably a form of *écarté*, we find *trentuno*, *imperiale*, *nichino*, and "raising dead men," frequently mentioned among the round games in which these fine ladies indulged. One of Isabella d'Este's favorite card games was *flusso*, the "bridge" of the period, over which they lost large sums of money, and which went by the name of "the cursed game," because of the certain ruin it entailed on the luckless gambler. Her sister Beatrice wrote gleefully on one occasion to tell her husband how much money she had won from her mother and sister-in-law at *buttino*, another card game with which these august ladies beguiled the hours of the journey from Ferrara to Venice. This short-lived princess had the reputation of being exceptionally lucky at cards, and in the course of a single year won no less than 3,000 ducats, "which I for one," remarked her husband, "cannot believe has been all spent in charity!"

Gardening was another taste which fifteenth-century ladies shared with women of the present time. The gardens of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, on the lagoons of Murano or on the breezy heights of Asolo, those of the Duchess of Ferrara at the stately Belvedere villa on an island of the River Po, and the

magnificent grounds of the Castello of Pavia and Milan, were objects of endless delight and interest to the princesses of Este and Aragon. The services of architects and artists were employed in laying out these terraced gardens decorated after the fashion of the day, with grottoes and temples, with porticoes and fountains, and with bronze and marble statues. Leonardo da Vinci designed the pavilion in Beatrice d'Este's garden at Milan; Genga and Bronzino painted the loggias and colonnades of Leonora Gonzaga's sumptuous villa on Mont Imperiale, near Pesaro. In the frescoes of the Borromeo Palace at Milan, an unknown follower of Pisanello has left us a charming picture of these pleasure-gardens, where gay cavaliers and fair ladies in rich brocades play bat and ball on green lawns watered by crystal streams, or "talk sweetly of love" in the shade of cypress groves and box-trees cut in quaint shapes and devices.

Isabella d'Este took especial interest in the gardens of her favorite villa at Porto, and applied herself with her usual energy to the more practical side of the art. She imported rare exotics and foreign trees from all parts of Italy, and sent her gardener to Venice to study the best way of cultivating certain shrubs. Plants and flowers were among the gifts with which she rejoiced the heart of her old tutor Guarino, and once, at the earnest request of the poet Trissino, she allowed her head gardener to go to his Palladian villa at Cricoli near Vicenza and show him how to plant and trim his box-trees. But she was careful to inform him that the man must not stay more than a few days, since the gardens at Porto require his whole attention. It was in this delicious country retreat that Isabella's brightest and happiest days were spent, and that the brilliant Marchesa gathered the choicest spirits of the age around her. Here Frate Francesco Silvestri, the learned General of the Dominican Order, came to soothe his tired soul, weary of striving with men and with the evil of the world, in "these fair and delicate places;" here Bibbiena and Bembo recited their poetic effusions, and Castiglione brought the latest news from Rome. Here they studied those exquisite volumes of Petrarch and Dante, of Virgil and Horace, which Aldus printed at Venice on choice paper for the especial use of the Marchesa, or heard the gay Dominican friar, Matteo Bandello, tell his last new story. Here, one summer evening after supper, at Isabella's request, the young novelist read aloud Livy's old tale of Lucrezia's death, and a long argument followed on the expediency of the Roman matron's action.

Good talk was, after all, the chief end and object of these meetings, the favorite pastime and most unfailing occupation of all Renaissance women. One and all they threw themselves into these literary discussions with their whole heart, often prolonging them through several days and even carrying them on by letter. The memorable controversy which began in the park of Pavia, a day or two after Beatrice d'Este's wedding, between Isabella and Messer Galeazzo di San Severino, on the respective merits of the Paladins Roland and Rinaldo, was prolonged throughout the following summer, with a keen exchange of witty repartee and brilliant irony on both sides. Captains and ladies, court poets and princes, alike found themselves drawn into the fray, and so eager was the young Marchesa to maintain her hero's cause, that she wrote to the old poet Boiardo to beg for a sight of the latest cantos of his unfinished epic, and sent to her ambassador at Venice for all the French and Italian romances on the subject which he could discover. We can hardly conceive ladies of the present day taking so lively an interest in a debate on the heroes of the Nibelungen Ring or the Knights of the Round Table. But these poetic tournaments and duels of intellect were of the very essence of Renaissance society. The bravest soldiers, the foremost scholars and artists, Bramante and Cristoforo Romano, Castiglione, Galeazzo, and San Severino, alike took part in them with the same keen interest, and Michelangelo himself did not hesitate to join in the discussions which took place in Vittoria Colonna's rooms in the Roman convent of Santa Cate-

rina. It was the task of Duchess Beatrice, or Marchesa Isabella, or whoever the presiding genius of the place might be, to choose the theme and set the ball rolling, and then, with delicate and instinctive art, guide its course, deftly avoiding doubtful or perilous turnings, and gently approving or checking the speakers by look or smile, by word or motion. This art it was, Castiglione tells us, that flourished in the highest perfection at the polished court of Urbino, where a chosen group of accomplished scholars and fair ladies met on summer evenings in the Duchess' rooms to talk of art and love, of painting and poetry, and of all the thousand gifts and graces which belong to perfect courtier or peerless lady. Then Madonna Emilia and the Magnifico Giuliano, Messer Pietro Bembo, the future Cardinal, and the courtly Baldassarre himself, argued over these and kindred themes, while the gentle Duchess was, as it were, a chain holding all lightly and pleasantly together. Thus, in eager and animated discourse, the hours flew past, until the speakers found to their surprise that the short summer night was already over, and the rosy dawn was breaking over the peaks of the Apennines.

"All inspiration comes from woman." In these words Castiglione sums up his ideas and theories on the subject. Hers it is to inspire man with hope and courage on the battle-field and in the council-chamber, in the pursuit of art and learning, in the higher paths of virtue and religion, to point the way upwards and lift hearts from earth to heaven. So it was that the boy Raphael grew up in the enchanted air of Urbino under the fostering care of the good Duchess; so Isabella d'Este heard young Ariosto recite the first cantos of his great poem, or gave Mantegna and Costa themes for their pictures in the studio of the grim old Castello that looks down on the Mantuan lakes and the windings of "smooth-sliding Mincius." So Veronica Gambara smiled on the early efforts of the painter of Correggio, and Vittoria Colonna soothed the loneliness of Michelangelo's weary old age. By their delicate culture and refined taste these noble women brought art into close touch with life. By their gracious and kindly sympathy they cheered the artist-souls that were struggling towards the light, and helped to produce immortal works.

Will posterity, we wonder, say as much for the ladies of our own age?



THE HIGHER HYPNOTISM

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

WHEN they found Cristoforo, a third of the blade was buried in his breast, and the rest of the machete stood straight up. Though Maria lay on the pavement of the court before the church not far away, all her muscles were paralyzed, remained so for months; and even after she recovered, it was proved that she could not have had the strength to drive that machete so deep.

Yet it is now clear from Cristoforo's papers that at the time he returned from abroad, his calm exterior hid a terrible thirst for revenge because she would not wed him; and that, even while he mingled in society, life was but bones to him; and he had sworn the destruction of them both.

In San Angel, an hour from the City of Mexico by electric cars, is a cosmopolitan circle. Editors, travelers, Basque musicians, poets, astronomers, a world of eccentric genius; no American thimble-parties to dawdle over; no English teas. Bohemianism lifted into philosophy; science and its occult shadow rushing from brain to brain—such is their unusual life. It is an upper, rarefied stratum of the Mexican society.

Don Cristoforo, back from a year in Paris and Vienna, sat next to Flora at one of her eleven-o'clock suppers. Opposite was Maria (whom all the world knew he had tried so hard to marry) as placid, as glorious in Andalusian beauty, as ever, and just as able to look him straight in the eye. Because it used to be hinted that Cristoforo had even tried hypnotism in his desperation to win Maria, Flora, the ma-

licious (who would have given her head to marry the Machiavellian fellow herself), would keep the conversation on that science; which nettled Cristoforo.

"The old stupid sort of hypnotism—controlling one mind by another—is a back number," said Cristoforo, stroking his lean, fallow face after a custom of his, and looking solemnly cunning. "It is as bungling as telegraphy with wires."

There was a general outburst; ladies forgot their dessert; musicians ceased sipping black coffee. Flora cried out: "What! He has brought home to us some new European mystery. Explain. Is the new hypnotism to be more—ah—more effective than the old?"

Some of the company politely chortled in their throats. That was a direct stab at his failure to win Maria. Cristoforo turned his cold eye from Flora to Maria (who answered it with wide glowing orb of self-possession) and back again. Then, piqued, daring, he replied: "It is."

"Oh tell us!" cried a dozen men and women, leaning eagerly over the board.

Cristoforo cleared his throat and toyed with his coffee cup. "The higher hypnotism has arrived," said he, slowly. "As in telegraphy, we are now on the point of doing away with cumbersome wires, and send the spark of intelligence leaping the sea by Marconi's system, so in hypnotism. The old way is stupid, my mind acting on yours, leaving yours to move your muscles. But as psychology, electricity, and chemistry are now approaching one another, and the greatest minds begin to see that life is electricity, that chemical action and brain power are electricity, so hypnotists begin to comprehend that the mind of one person may act directly on the muscles of another—that is, upon the nerves that move those muscles—with no clumsy substituting of the second mind. The spark of my brain's power might leap the gulf between me and your hand, and move that hand. Your mind would play no part in that. In a few years the hypnotist will no more act upon the subject's brain, clumsily suggesting that it move the muscle. No. The hypnotist's own brain will move it!"

The company gazed on Don Cristoforo's sharp, leathery countenance. Flora sneered. Maria's full red lips smiled idly, but the eyes were winking in curious fashion.

"What!" cried Flora, sarcastic, "will you be able to move the other person's tongue, too?"

"I?" asked Cristoforo, cold and surprised. "Not I. The hypnotists."

He had a queer, strained look, as though all his muscles were powerfully contracted. His brow was moist as with great effort. His eyes wide, lids motionless, stared at the coffee cup. Across the table the lids of Maria's black Andalusian orbs were batting with unwonted rapidity. She put up her hand and rubbed them, surprised at their nervous tricks. A long sigh as of immense effort suspended, escaped Cristoforo; his own lids shut and opened; he let down from his tenseness, and turned with polished, clever ease to Flora.

"As for tongues," he said, "some day when you are inclined to be cutting, I may, at a distance, hold yours."

The company applauded that breezily. Flora was one of those women who think they may finally win an old bachelor after all if they keep jabbing at him long enough. An editor, an astronomer, and a dilettante in art took up the subject. The conversation became rare, imaginative, racy.

Maria was always wearied by Don Cristoforo. She was inclined to yawn. She thanked her stars that she had not been fool enough to marry so repulsive a man, and sat looking at a diamond that flashed on her right middle finger. As she did so, the finger twitched. It seemed that she was extraordinarily nervous. Then unawares the finger lifted itself, made a tiny circuit, and fell back. She shivered, sweeping the company with furtive glance. All were absorbed in the higher hypnotism—save Cristoforo, on whose forehead she saw the gleaming beads of sweat. Again she heard that long sigh of effort suddenly suspended.

"Do we intend to linger with Flora all night?" said he, with easy camaraderie; and the company arose. Maria was dumb, as she retired with her uncle, the astronomer, to that old walled domain of theirs, just beyond the great trees of the Plaza de San Jacinto.

Cristoforo kept bachelor rooms in the house of a French acquaintance who was rapidly ruining himself at Monte Carlo. The building was opposite a quaint church, with a paved court, surrounded by a wall. In his bedroom, Cristoforo looked at his eyes in a mirror.

"They smart; they are inflamed," he said.

Then he wrote in a journal:

February 3d—Succeeded in controlling eyelids. Find that it reacts on my own. My eyes smart as though they had been held open too long. Succeeded in controlling finger. Find that my own is a little stiff so that I write with difficulty.

There are no others of God's creatures so calm as certain Mexican-Andalusian women like Maria. But as the days went on, she grew nervous, suffered from insomnia, lost color and flesh; and among her friends it was whispered that she had grown eccentric.

On a Sunday, Maria and Flora went to mass together. As they entered the little paved court of the church they passed Cristoforo going in, too, dressed as for a promenade on the Parisian boulevards. Maria, haughty and splendid being, did not even look at him, but Flora made one of her polite jabs at his expense. The women knelt bareheaded on the stone floor of the church, he seating himself on a bench behind them. The devil was in him.

Of a sudden the shapely right arm of Maria raised, made a circle through the air, and landed a blow on the head of Flora. An instant's profound amazement, then Maria toppled over in a faint. A hubbub arose; Flora at first angry, then excusing the act as a nervous accident, got her now reviving companion home.

Immediately upon the fainting of Maria, Cristoforo had been seen walking briskly out of the church. In haste he had retired to his rooms, where he arrived in an exhausted condition, heart failing him, cold sweat dripping from his brow, yet with a demoniac exultation expressed by every line of that cunning, leathery face. His right arm hung stiff at his side. Having lain down for an hour till his exhaustion was relieved, he wrote in his book:

February 24th—Progress is on the whole rapid. Succeeded in controlling whole arm. But the reaction on self becomes more and more plain. Using the power on her seems to impair the use of it on me. My right arm was helpless for an hour, and is now so numb I write with difficulty.

When he had written that, he sat for a long time with his head in his hands. His arm felt paralyzed. So terrible were the possibilities into which his thoughts ran; so dreadful the results that might ensue, did he succeed to the utmost in his diabolical plan of revenge, that at length when he arose he looked like a physical wreck.

"I will not give it up if it kills me," he said. "She has ruined me as it is; I shall conquer her and die for it if I must."

Two weeks went by; it was whispered about that Maria was certainly crazy, so queerly she acted; also that Don Cristoforo, her old lover, was losing his health alarmingly; he suffered from an intermittent paralysis. Ah—how powerful his love for her had been, that these mental eccentricities of hers so affected him. No wonder that Cristoforo looked like a wreck, when he loved Maria so that all Europe could not keep him away from her; when she still drove him to despair with scorn; and when, to cap the climax, before his very eyes was the magnificent beloved losing her mind.

Even yet, however, both occasionally appeared at little social functions of the distinguished circle in which they had been wont to move.

Again into Flora's dining-room (hung with tapestries of the Empire, by the way) the same guests appeared on a night in March. Through the doors they



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trooped, gayly chaffing Cristoforo about some occultism or other. Maria was before him; he, like a skull, a smile dried on his lips, walked after. It was then that there occurred a thing so unaccountable and distressing that the company halted where they were, as though attacked with some sickness. Maria had just uttered a particularly scornful sentiment derogatory of his position in some psychological matter. Then it was that her long antagonism so maddened him that the whole of his queer power leaped up to humble her. He stopped. His muscles seemed drawn into knots. His eyes were on the floor; his face became ghastly; and the force began to act.

She suddenly ran before the guests and, wheeling so that she faced them, deliberately sat herself down upon the table and swung her feet like a school-girl sitting on a fence. But the puerility and misplaced frolic of that act were offset, rendered sickening, by the agony of struggle depicted upon her countenance. Her free mind protested, fought for her body's liberty, and as she sat she shrieked, and fell senseless across clattering dishes.

They carried her out; but here was Cristoforo fallen to the floor.

"Help me up," he said, hoarsely. "I've lost the use of my limbs somehow."

He, too, was borne home. There was no supper at Flora's that night, but the guests remained there another hour to hear news of the two stricken ones.

"Plainly insane," whispered they. "Terrible! Terrible! And poor old Don Cristoforo, how incredibly her misfortune affects him!"

Grim, Cristoforo lay gritting his teeth in his bed. He had a nurse sent to care for him. His legs were completely paralyzed, and many of the muscles of his trunk were temporarily useless.

In a few days, he had himself wheeled out in an invalid chair. Sometimes he could hobble a few steps himself. He met all his old associates in the Plaza de San Jacinto, and sat there on a bench chaffing with them, scoffing at their sympathy. Always his eyes looked hither and thither, searching for Maria.

One day she, ghost of herself, came walking near, unconscious of him. Cristoforo lay in his invalid chair under the big trees chatting with a Basque musician. The musician saw his muscles stiffen, saw the sweat upon his brow, saw the glare in his eyes. Then he perceived that Maria, walked yonder, acted strangely. She raised her arms, and went crying out in a loud and solemn tone: "I have loved Don Cristoforo all my life!"

This she cried three times, her face drawn into an expression of horror; the while she walked before the public of San Angel. Staggering like a drunken

woman, she disappeared into her uncle's house. And Cristoforo lay dumb.

They wheeled him home, and his friends, coming there, shook their heads over him, and whispered of the latest freak of the mad Maria. Could it be? Had she really loved him all this time? What was the awful thing, then, that had held them apart—that was slaying them?

Cristoforo slowly grew a little better. He could speak thickly; he could move his legs and arms a little. But his will would not give up yet; the last ignominy was still to be heaped upon her. See how surely he recovered—though slowly—after every fresh blow.

One week later they wheeled him into the plaza. It was noised about as a sort of gala occasion for Don Cristoforo, that being his saint's day, whereon he was going to celebrate the fact that the paralysis was leaving him. A dozen of his friends came through the plaza to cheer the bachelor up, and the astronomer, too, walked yonder with his niece, Maria, approaching. Here was Flora still bantering Don Cristoforo, and here came the editor, the musicians the *dilletantes* in art. The supreme moment was at hand.

It seemed that Don Cristoforo was all at once thrown into a cataleptic fit. Staring at him, the company was alarmed by the terrible look on his face, the sweat there, the knotted muscles, the diabolical smile. He lay stretched out in his invalid chair, still, cold, staring up at the trees of the beautiful Plaza de San Jacinto.

Maria yonder disengaged her arm from that of her uncle, and approached. Her face wore its look of horror. Solemnly she came forward among the sympathetic company of her friends, and, pushing before Cristoforo, bent down and kissed him on the lips.

"I love you," she said. "I want to marry you."

The mad act stupefied them. Don Cristoforo, with a last effort that seemed to crack his bones, and was the fierce fight with the paralysis that then accomplished his doom, cried out in exultation, guttural and thick: "Woman, what do I want with you?"

As usual, she became helpless; and they carried her home. Cristoforo was also taken to his house, being now dumb and motionless. Hardly any of his muscles could he move; but after a day he was able to whisper a little again and make his wants known.

Now, her humiliation fully accomplished, he, with no real desire for life, nevertheless bent his mind toward health. He watched his muscles for a week; they improved no more. A month. They improved not. His mind staggered; his doom was surely at hand. He had gone too far. Calmly, he decided to slay himself.

But how accomplish this self-destruction now at

last so passionately desired? He had some little use of his own limbs to be sure; but no power to strike a blow, no means of obtaining poison. Throughout the unspeakable hours of a dozen lonely nights he lay planning. And the new science, the accursed secret, should die with him—but how? Ah—illuminating thought at last. True that he had no control over his own muscles; he had transferred that control to hers. Hers would still, perhaps, obey him.

"Juan," muttered he to the servant, "Come; put me in the chair; wheel me out to the church-yard. I want to bask in the sun of that still spot."

The summer day was beautiful and warm. The paved court of the church was very lonely when they came through the big wooden doors and rested therein.

"Leave me, Juan, and go buy me some oranges," muttered Cristoforo, stretching out stiff in his chair and turning his eyes to the sky. "I want to swallow a little of the juice. You can squeeze it into my mouth for me, Juan."

Juan's white clothes, Juan's sandals, Juan's black hair, disappeared.

The church doors yonder were closed; the shadows of trees lay on these paving stones; and here in a secluded and lonely corner lay Don Cristoforo stretched out stiff, like a mummy.

For the last time the muscles on his face seemed knotted, and the cold sweat stood out in beads. For ten long minutes thus he lay.

In the astronomer's house, beyond the beautiful Plaza de San Jacinto, Maria, who had seemed better of late, arose from her chair. Her face wore its look of horror again; its evidences of fight between the free mind and the enslaved, controlling muscles. On the wall hung swords, daggers, machetes—a style of ornament affected by her uncle and familiar to her friends. One of the machetes she took, huge, heavy, blunt thing, and withal murderous.

Out of the house, under the trees, Maria walked steadily; the whole width of the plaza; and on into a narrow street. Here was the high wooden door, giving entrance through the wall into the court of the church. Marie walked through. All was still, warm, the air dreamy with summer; yonder lay Don Cristoforo, the sweat glistening on his forehead, his body stretched out. Maria came to him, and both hands, holding the machete, were raised. She tried to shriek; a convulsion shook her body; her whole soul strove against the crime. But he, too, strove. His eyes were shut; his face was drawn and quivering; his nerves were like wires that break. For one instant their minds fought; conflict terrific. But the spark of command leaped the gulf; he operated the muscles of her arms. She raised them high. She struck.

From the Argonaut.

Even a small amount of cotton will destroy the comfort and health-bringing qualities of linen mesh. Be sure to get

Kneipp Linen-Mesh Underwear

The makers stand behind every garment with an absolute guarantee that it is pure Irish Linen to the last thread. It pays to be sure of that fact.

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The Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a thorough massage and encourages a free and healthful circulation without rubbing and without the use of drugs or irritants. It will stop hair from falling out and restore a normal growth where live follicles exist. The cap is used about ten minutes twice a day and its effects are pleasant from the very beginning. We will refund your money in full if results are not satisfactory after a thirty days' use. Call on or address,

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NOTE:—To those who find it convenient to call at our offices we will give a sufficient number of demonstrations free to satisfy them as to the merit of this appliance.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

She that Hesitates, Dickson, \$1.20; The Proud Prince, McCarthy, 1.20; Tennessee, Todd-Ogden, 1.20; The Story of the Gravelys, Saunders, 1.20; The Torch, Hopkins, \$1.20; The Art of the Italian Renaissance, Wolfmin, \$2.25; Rebecca, Wiggin, \$1.20; Judith of the Plains, Manning, \$1.20; Suggestion, Pitzer, \$1.00. Also a full line of standard and miscellaneous works at

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MUSIC

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.

It is to Pilsen. The Pilseners are this week paying their respects to St. Louis for the third time. Luder's pretty tunes wear well, and the "Song of the Sea Shell," "The Message of the Violet," and the "Stein Song" still seem bright and fresh. A clever musical comedy this "Prince of Pilsen," one of the very best of its kind.

The company exploiting the piece at the Century Theater is the "No. 2, Western." Arthur Donaldson is the only member of the original cast with this Western limited company, and the choristers are new—and few. Economy is Mr. Savage's watchword. He has reduced the salary problem to a science. His cast is made up of people who have not yet attained to positions of opportunity, and to whom position on the programme is of more import than are the figures on the weekly envelope.

The performance is dispiriting. The talents of the players are as obscure as their names.

THE HAMLIN RECITAL.

Mr. George Hamlin, a singer of serious artistic intent, and a musician of high ideals, will interpret a programme ranging from Handel to Richard Strauss at Y. M. C. A. Hall this evening. This recital should be an event of interest to students of song and song literature.

Perhaps the handsomest automobile ever seen in St. Louis is now on exhibition at the Western Automobile Co.'s Garage on Walton avenue, just north of Washington. It is a 1904 Model Peerless, the first of its kind to reach this city, and represents the highest degree of perfection yet attained in the manufacture of mammoth auto cars. It is so gracefully proportioned and magnificently finished that the ungainly and awkward appearance, a leading characteristic of many of the large cars, is conspicuously absent. Beautiful leather upholstery and elaborate brass trimmings add to its general gorgeousness and render it an embodiment of luxurious ease and comfort. The Western Automobile Co., which handles the Peerless, is a new concern of which Mr. Marion Lambert is president, and Mr. Sam Braden, secretary. Its garage is one of the largest and most perfectly equipped in the West.

Artistic diamond jewelry in bewildering array at prices as low as consistent for strictly fine goods at

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.

"Wait a second," she said, as she stepped into the store. "Certainly," he replied, and when he had been uptown, looked through his mail, spent two hours on 'Change, and taken luncheon at the club, he returned and found her just emerging from the door.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

European Novelties Personally Selected. 4011 Olive street; 9 to 12 daily. The Gift Shop.

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ARTISTIC DIAMOND AND GOLD JEWELRY

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ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
616 LOCUST STREET

WORLD'S FAIR GRAND MARCH

The grand march that is to celebrate the splendors and glories of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in melody, has been written by Charles Daniels, better known as Neil Moret, author of the catchy and popular "Hiawatha." "A Deed of the Pen," the official emblem of the World's Fair, suggested by Mr. James J. Hannerty, was adopted by Mr. Daniels as the title for the march. That the emblematic idea of the Fair being a commemoration of a peace victory, one of the pen, should be coupled with the Exposition's grand march, appealed at once to Mr. Daniels. Acquisition of other lands through war and bloodshed had been celebrated with music of martial spirit, but the peaceful conquest of the pen, by which the United States acquired the great "Purchase" domain, required entirely original treatment, and Mr. Daniels thinks he has well wooed the muse to produce "a Deed of the Pen." The grand march has been dedicated to Mr. Charles H. Huttig, president of the Third National Bank, and one of the vice-presidents of the World's Fair, who is not only a lover of music, but a liberal patron of this and other arts. Mr. Huttig, though he was foremost in encouraging Mr. Daniels, accepted the honor from him, only on condition that a brass band which the bank president in days gone by, "backed" in Muscatine, Ia., should receive the first copy for band rendition. This band is now one of the best in all Iowa.

Mr. Daniels, the author of the grand march, had for years prior to the launching of "Hiawatha," been a struggling musician. His first efforts at composition were made in Kansas City, but his fame did not spread quickly. He came to St. Louis, and while employed in the music store of Carl Hoffman, he produced the now famous "Hiawatha," which he disposed of outright to Whitmark & Co. for \$10,000. The song has brought many times more than this sum to its purchasers, however. But Mr. Daniels is happy, nevertheless, for he feels certain that the World's Fair Grand March will be a great success. The piece will not be published until December 1. The words set to Mr. Daniels' march music were written by Mr. Louis Dodge of the *Globe-Democrat*. The poem by itself is a very meritorious literary production.

BAPTIZING "MISSOURI"

Now that the friends of the navy living here are being given a chance to contribute a small sum towards buying a set of silver plate for the finest battleship in the new navy, the *Missouri*, Congressman Cowherd is telling a brand new story about the christening of the vessel. Senator Cockrell's daughter, then Miss Marian, was chosen to officiate by smashing a bottle of champagne over the bows. As Mr. Cowherd tells the story it runs thus:

"Sailors are among the most superstitious of people. One of their beliefs is that nothing but bad luck can attend a ship that, in its christening, is not baptized. In other words, they hold that unless the champagne or other liquid provided for the christener is spilled, by

the bottle being broken over the bows, the ship will have bad fortune and consequently sailors will refuse to sign for her. This superstition was duly told to Miss Cockrell, and she was properly impressed with the absolute necessity of smashing the bottle of champagne with which she was to christen the *Missouri*. A platform had been built on the ways, not on the ship, close to the bows. The christening party stood on this platform.

"Hanging from the deck rail of the *Missouri* was a bottle of champagne, just of a height to permit Miss Cockrell to swing it, rather than throw it, against the bows of the vessel as she should begin to slide down the ways into the water. Miss Cockrell is a large woman, taking after her illustrious father in that particular. I should think she must weigh quite 180 pounds. When the stays were knocked or cut away and the big battleship began to slowly start out of her cradle, Miss Cockrell took hold of the bottle of champagne, gave it a sling that ought to have carried it half way across the Missouri River, and consequently smashed the bottle into countless fragments.

The *Missouri* was christened in a way that did good the hearts of the most superstitious. Just as Miss Cockrell reached for the bottle of champagne and drew back her right arm to sling it, I saw her father, the Senator, tussling with his right coat tail, and the next thing I knew he had raised a quart bottle of whiskey over his shoulder and looked as though he was going to club somebody to death with it. Anxiety was written on every line in his face. He looked

more like an eagle than ever. The next instant his daughter had made foam of a quart of champagne and had christened the *Missouri*. The Senator then unostentatiously returned his quart of whiskey to his coat tail pocket. When we asked him what he had been up to he said with all the sincerity a man can have, 'I made up my mind the *Missouri* would be christened with something, and if Marian had not smashed her bottle I would have smashed mine. I am a trifle superstitious myself.'

Roman Lamps and Candlesticks; Italian Novelties. The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. 9 to 12.

A \$50,000 BATH TUB

A new ornament has just been added to the country home of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Harbor Hill, Roslyn, Long Island. It is a bath tub, and is the finest and most expensive in this country, and perhaps in the world. It cost altogether \$50,000, including the workmanship and material, transport from Europe, installation and so forth. The bath tub is cut from one solid block of marble, and was made in Italy from an antique design furnished by Mrs. Mackay. It is sunk in the floor, and the bather descends to it by means of five steps, cut in the marble. The hot and cold water is not turned on from a faucet, as with ordinary baths, but spouts from the mouths of marble dolphins.

The marble is beautifully veined and exquisitely polished, except on the steps, where the surface is slightly ground, in order to give a secure foothold to the bather.

The room in the floor of which the bath tub is sunk is twenty feet square. It contains all the furnishings of a perfect dressing room. There are mirrors, lounges, bookstands, movable electric lights, a telephone, lamps, easy chairs, tables and plants. The bathroom leads out of the bedroom, on the other side of which are the other rooms of Mrs. Mackay's private suite.—*New York American*.

L'Art Nouveau, Original Designs, 4011 Olive street. The Gift Shop. 9 to 12 daily.

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astonished circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

Unusual Offer!

In order to make room for the largest and choicest Holiday Stock ever shown in St. Louis we will offer some special

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

We must have the room, and will make the stock move to obtain it.

NOTHING WILL BE SPARED

Should you need anything in Carpets or Draperies, they are included. Do not delay. Come, take your pick from the newest and best selected stock in the city.

EVERY GRADE WILL GO IN THIS SALE.

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PATTISON'S

NINTH AND LOCUST

BUFFET and BOWLING ALLEYS



9TH AND LOCUST.

SOCIETY

Among the weddings expected to be celebrated early in January, that of Miss Blanche Niedringhaus and Mr. Alden Little will be postponed to some later date, probably the early spring. The engagement which existed between these two young people of the exclusive set was jealously guarded for some time, and formal announcement was only made after Miss Niedringhaus returned from Europe.

Miss Hazel Jackson's engagement to a Chicago man, announced not long ago, with the wedding date set for December, has been annulled by the young lady herself. Miss Jackson is one of the prettiest girls in a circle of younger members of society, who has been much feted of late.

Thanksgiving Day has been picked out by a number of debutantes for paying their social obligations with a "tea." In fact, the Thanksgiving tea is quite the fad this year. The affair is entirely informal, being more of a courtesy to party callers, who will find their young hostesses at home on the holiday afternoon.

Miss Florence Streett is one of the debutantes who will receive this afternoon, her invitations being to both girls and men.

Mrs. William C. Stribling has sent out invitations for a tea Thanksgiving afternoon. This is her first formal affair since her marriage last summer at the Eastern home of Mrs. William McMillan.

Mrs. William H. Scudder will give a Thanksgiving luncheon this afternoon. It marks her re-entree to social devoirs since her departure last spring for Europe, where she traveled with her father, Mr. Samuel C. Cupples. The luncheon will be entirely informal.

The debutante ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bakewell for their daughter, Marie Bakewell, was the principal event of the week, last Monday evening. It took place at Mahler's, and was a most fashionable crush. Representatives

of all the old aristocratic families of St. Louis, with whom the Bakewells are related through various branches, attended the debutante's first formal function.

On Tuesday another fashionable crush attended the first Apollo Club concert. This concert never fails to bring out everybody who is anybody. Every box was engaged, and its occupants, arrayed in all the brilliance of the season's mode, made an unforgettable picture.

On the same day Mrs. Charles C. Nicholls, of Westminster place, gave a luncheon at the St. Louis Club, at which she introduced in a delightfully informal fashion her young daughter, Miss Julia Chamberlain Nicholls.

The charming "small and early," the very dance to delight the heart of a debutante, which Mrs. John Fowler gave for her niece, Miss Elise Kilpatrick, brought out a lot of fashionable buds, all of whom had been formally introduced within the past fortnight.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Laura Estelle Paule of 3041 Vinegrove avenue, to Mr. Arthur Stephen Willow of Wagner place, on Thanksgiving morning, at 9 o'clock, in the Church of the Holy Rosary. Miss Mabel Paule will act as bridesmaid, and Mr. Sam Stemmer as groomsmen. Messrs. Will Castor, Theodore Hansen and Archibald McMillan will officiate as ushers at the church. It is expected that the announcement will soon be made of the coming marriage of the bridesmaid and groomsmen.

A very pretty church wedding took place Wednesday morning at Sacred Heart Church. The young couple were Miss Mary Amend, of 1920 Montgomery street, and Mr. John E. Riley, of 1110 North Leonard avenue. A solemn Nuptial Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock by Rev. J. J. Riley, S. J., the bride's cousin. Mr. William A. Granville was groomsmen, and Miss Mary Riley, Father Riley's sister, was bridesmaid. After the ceremony the immediate relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Riley were entertained at breakfast at the home of the bride. The young people left the evening of the same day for an extended tour through the South, and will be at home to their friends at 2933 Greer avenue after January 1.

Mrs. Anna H. Bray, who has determined to make her home here after a long stay abroad and traveling over this country, and a year's sojourn in New York, has bought the residence, 4380 Westminster place, and is having it beautifully decorated and furnished for their entertainment of friends during the World's Fair. Her son, Mr. Stacy Bray, is to live with her, and will figure prominently among the city's beaux from this time forward.

Grand Avenue Hotel Bakery and Confectionery, Grand and Olive, most popular transfer corner in town. While waiting for your car, supply yourself at headquarters of finest confections, cakes, rolls and all kinds of bread. Agents for the original Allegretti chocolate creams.

Miss J. I. Lea's scalp treatment, massage, shampooing; perfect and sanitary cure of head and hair. Manicuring. Room 304, Century Building.

Announcement.

NAHIGIAN BROS., importers of Oriental Rugs at 3570 Olive Street, have moved to larger store, 3568 Olive, one door east of their former location.

GRAND OPENING
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From 10% to 25% discount
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At their New Store,
3568 Olive Street.

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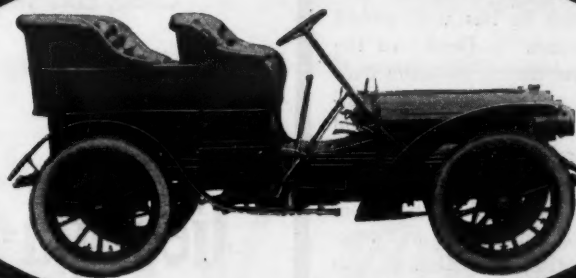
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Vertical motors, two or four cylinders, under front bonnet. Direct drive by universal shaft and bevel gears. 18 to 60 horse power. Large, comfortable tonneau—magnificent finish.

If you are interested in motor cars, we will take pleasure in giving you a practical demonstration on the road.

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Both Phones.

Open day and night.

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JEWELERS,

310 North Sixth.

HAVE YOU READ
"THE RED-KEGGERS"?

SOCIETY

Miss Margaret Breckenridge Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Long, of West Pine street, was introduced to society at a reception given by her parents on Wednesday evening.

Next Monday afternoon, November 30, Mrs. John Crawford Crenshaw will formally introduce her daughter, Miss Louise Crenshaw, who is one of the prettiest debutantes of the season.

Mrs. F. A. Drew's ball on Wednesday evening was given for Miss Nannie Lee. It was an informal affair, very enjoyable and full of the holiday spirit that ushers in the yuletide season with the day of thanks-giving.

Mrs. Jordan Lambert has sent out invitations for a tea which she will give in honor of her debutante sister-in-law, Miss Lily Lambert, Wednesday, December 2, from 4 to 6 o'clock. Mrs. Lambert will give in the near future a more important function for Miss Lambert, whom she is chaperoning on her way into the social swim.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Poulin have purchased a new home in Maryland avenue, into which they have just moved.

Miss Mildred Hoyle has gone East to have a visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes Hammond, whose beautiful cottage at Lakewood, is one of the show-places of that fashionable resort.

Mrs. George Miltenberger, who has been ill for a long time, is able to be out again. During the Christmas holidays she will give her first social function, which will be in the nature of an entertainment for her young sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner, Mr. A. C. Stuever and other guests of Mr. Gardner, returned from the annual boating journey to New Orleans and back, to which the host of the "Annie Russell," his pleasure yacht, always invites his friends.

Miss Marie Dunn has returned from New York, where she passed a month

with relatives. Miss Dunn is one of the best tennis players of a fashionable tennis club on the South Side.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rassieur and their daughter, returned from a long visit at Eureka Springs, where they were guests of the Crescent Hotel.

Mr. Walter Carr has for his Thanksgiving holiday guest his sister-in-law, Mrs. Paschall Carr, who will remain in St. Louis till after Christmas, returning then to her home in Northern New York.

Miss Flora May Jaynes, sister of Mrs. Bransford Lewis, and Doctor Everett A. Wood, of Sedalia, Mo., were quietly married last Monday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis. The marriage was a complete surprise to a circle of intimate friends who were invited to attend a small social function, without being informed that it was to be a wedding. Dr. and Mrs. Wood will make their home in Sedalia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Storm, bride and bridegroom, now of New York, are in the city, visiting Mrs. Storm's parents. They will remain until after the holidays.

Miss Florence Hellmann's debut takes place to-morrow afternoon at her home in Lindell boulevard. Miss Irma Heller will receive with her. A dance follows the formal reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Strauss will give a debut party to their daughter, Miss Blanche Strauss, next Thursday evening, December 3. Reception and dance will take place in the Strauss studio, which will be converted into ball rooms and cosy salons. Miss Ethel Trier, of Newark, N. J., will be one of the receiving party.

St. Nicholas Hotel, Ladies' Restaurant and private dining rooms reopened for the season; newly and beautifully decorated and furnished. Special arrangements made for theater parties.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Say, Jenkins, all that talk about it being unlucky to walk under a ladder is foolish," remarked Blevins. "Why, only a moment ago, I was walking under one when I met Spiffly and he paid me \$10 he owed me."

"Glad to hear it, 'Blev,' old boy," said Jenkins. "Now you can let me have that five. I need a good pair of shoes, and as Swope's is handy, I'll get them right away. It's the best place in town for shoes, men's, women's and children's, 113 N. Broadway. Thanks, don't forget the ladder."

❖ ❖ ❖

Time was when a tubular chime hall clock was too expensive for ordinary means. We have them now at prices to suit the moderate purse.

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.

❖ ❖ ❖

"This commercial struggle is terrible," said the man who takes everything he reads seriously. "What's the trouble?" "The patent food people are trying to make everybody so healthy that there will be no one left for the patent medicine people to cure."—Washington Star.

❖ ❖ ❖

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Unusual Furniture.

Rare specimens in English black oak and French walnut carved Furniture, personally selected in Europe this summer from the masterpieces of interior decorations.

Our direct importations include very skillfully wrought designs in Hall Seattles and Chairs—some have wood seats, others are upholstered in plain and embossed leathers.

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Formerly with Jean F. Mason.

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OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

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DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.
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Toilet Articles,
Manicure Pieces,
Desk Pieces,
Spoons and Bon Bon
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An endless variety of articles suitable for Christmas presents for men, women and children.

The PALACE

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THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

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MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

FOOLS OF NATURE

BY THE DEADHEAD.

Mr. Esmond, in "Fools of Nature," has written what may be a good literary play, but its literary excellence, such as it has, absolutely smothers the art of Miss Julia Marlowe, who is starring in it this season. If, as reported, Miss Marlowe is disgusted with the play, I don't blame her.

The play doesn't "act." There's no "go" to it. It seems to begin nowhere and end nowhere. Nothing occurs in it. The emotions have no free play in it. There is little but talk, and that talk literary rather than natural. A woman loves a man she knows is married. The man's wife appears. Nevertheless the woman intends to go away with the man she loves. Then she changes her mind and doesn't go. That's all.

The reason she doesn't go is presumed to be the intervention of a hard-drinking good fellow who loves the woman himself, and doesn't do much else but make blunderfully honest speeches and play with the woman's little boy.

You sit through the play and are bored, unless you concentrate yourself upon the task of catching a good line now and then. Miss Marlowe's action consists chiefly in changing her gowns between acts. They are lovely gowns, of course, but they don't thrill a person who goes to the theater to see acting.

The passion of the play is piteously pale. The love we see portrayed is not

a great love. The motive for letting the love go by is not a great motive. The struggle towards renunciation is not manifestly tense or bitter. The man the woman loved was not worth the struggle, if it had been made. He was not worth loving in the first place. That is no argument against a love great or small, but what one misses is the fact

that the love in this case is love at all. The play simply trickles along with conversational suggestions that there is something terrible going on or about to happen somewhere in the neighborhood of the talkers, but one is never convinced that this is more than a fiction or a mild sort of delusion. Miss Marlowe, as *Martia*, doesn't seem to be convinced. As for the man who plays the rôle of the man *Martia* loves, and is beloved by—well, the part is so bad that only the greatest inversion or perversion of genius is possibly accountable for the circumstance that the man makes the rôle worse than it really is.

Miss Marlowe is interesting and pretty—as Miss Marlowe. As *Martia* she is nothing. There is neither heart nor head in her work. She languishes through the scenes in which the nearest approach is made to action or emotion. She never rises to a scene. There is no scene to which to rise. She is effective only once—when she sits and mourns in the moonlight. When her lover enters her room later and their parting is interrupted by the virtuous drunkard, there is almost an anti-climax. The scene simply frazzles out to nothingness. And when the lover, having the woman in his arms and being told to leave her cries, "How can I do it—now?" the effect is almost comical; as if he'd like to go, but that the woman holds him.

I've seen some poorly acting plays in my time, but never one so empty of the essence of the dramatic as "Fools of Nature." It's a nice little tale in dialogue about a little incident of life among commonplace people. It's almost Sunday-schoolsque in its quality.

Mr. Frank Worthing, a good actor, is utterly miscast as the unstable-minded, self-shamed drunkard. He doesn't know how to enact drunkenness. The best I can say for his failure to appear convincingly drunk is that it is a splendid testimony to his personal habits. Only a man who had never been foolishly

drunk or remorseful thereafter could make such a mimetic bozzle of the presentation of a drunk. The sentimentalism of the rôle is hurt rather than helped by the contrast of the evidence of drink. The interposition of the baby in almost every other scene is a palpable play at the crowd. It doesn't catch on, mainly because the youth who plays it talks like a basso profundo at times. The infant is anything but infantile.

The actor who plays *Sir Gregory* has a fair part. It's the only part in the play with which anything can be done. The gentleman "makes up" and acts like Mr. Richard Mansfield. He even talks like that great thespian at times.

But as the play is from its very undramatic nature, it is worse as a result of the slovenliness of the performance for the most part. Nobody in the cast seems to care a "bawbie" how he or she comes on or gets off the stage. There is no trying to make the play go. The whole company is automatic in its work.

Miss Marlowe shouldn't act at all, if she doesn't intend to try to act. She inflicts a pain upon the people who go to see her when she stalks and sidles through her scenes and acts. She hurts herself. I dare say that no one who possibly saw Miss Marlowe for the first time in "Fools of Nature," at the Olympic Theater this week, will ever be able fully to comprehend how anyone with any sense whatever, came to the conclusion that Miss Marlowe acts now or ever could act.

If Mr. Frank Worthing acts a drunkard so badly as to convince us that he never could have been drunk, I am free to express my fear that this atrocious charge will not long lie against him if he continues to attempt to put life into this most dismally dragging drama, "Fools of Nature."

"The Prince of Pilsen" is paying his third visit to the Century Theater this week. Judging from the audiences ev-

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ery night, "The Prince" will again break all records for popularity and money-getting. This is what he did last year, and with Thanksgiving thrown into the engagement this year, he will roll up a handsome advance over the previous season's business. All this goes to show that Mr. Henry W. Savage knows how to exploit a good thing as long as it can be done. The musical comedy is better staged than ever, and a succession of clever people who have appeared in the leading rôles, is topped off this time with Trixie Friganza, as Mrs. Madison Crocker, Ada St. Albers as Jimmy, the bell boy, Jess Dandy, as Hans Wagner, and a few others, who are new in the cast. Arthur Donaldson's Carl Otto, the Prince, could not be improved upon even by himself. Ada Stanhope, as one of the Heidelberg boys, and Almyra Forrest, as Edith Adams, the Vassar girl, are doing honor to their home city, for they are two of the best exponents of stage talent from St. Louis. Next Sunday "Peggy from Paris," (not from Limerick), will pay us a long expected visit. It is the work of George Ade, to which William Loranie has written the music.

Heinemann and Welb's stock company at the Odéon, will appear to-night in, "Er und Seine Schwester," last Sunday night's success, which is being repeated by request. Hans Loebel and Leonie Bergere are the two chief comedians in the farce, but in their fun-making are ably assisted by almost the entire company and a chorus which is vocally above the average. The farce is calculated to bring out a large clientele, to laugh away the effects of a good Thanksgiving dinner. Next Sunday night the company will appear in a new comedy by one of the best German writers, Franz



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von Schoenthou and Freiherr von Schlicht. "Im Bunten Rock," (In a many-colored coat,) is the title of the play which last year was the biggest drawing piece of them all in Germany. The plot is unctuously funny, and gives good opportunity to Richard Wirth, Hans Loebel, Rudolph Horsky, Vilma von Hohenau, Auguste Burmester and Agnes Waldman to shine in various rôles. "Miss Hobbs," an adaptation from Jerome's charming comedy, is the attraction next Thursday night.

Kirk La Shelle's opera company, a good one, or Mr. La Shelle would not be identified with it, is presenting "The Princess Chic" at the Grand Opera House this week. He wrote the book himself, and engaged Julian Edwards to supply the songs. While "The Princess" has been seen here before at high-priced houses, this is her first engagement at a popular price theater. The company numbers some excellent talent. Vera Michelena, as the chic little Princess, has a delightful voice, and all the while with to establish herself as a capable prima donna. Beatrice Bronte, Elfreida Busing and Dorothy Williams are three winsome stars in the cast, and among the male contingent Forrest Huff, Harry Lane, Thomas C. Leary shine with more than ordinary brilliance. The music to "The Princess Chic" is of the sparkling, "champagne-coated" kind. Nearly every number is so tuneful that one can carry it away and whistle it. It is this "clinging" sort of music that has made "Princess Chic" such a success. Next week Augustus Thomas' popular "Arizona" will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House.

At the Imperial Theater this week Joe Welch presents his new piece, "The Peddler." Mr. Welch is a product of the vaudeville boards, lately transplanted. As an East Side clothing dealer, with a son who needs more than the ordinary amount of paternal care, the former vaudeville star has a very "taking" part. Always a favorite in his brief stunts, that many an audience stretched long beyond the fifteen minutes' rule, Welch gratifies his friends at the Imperial by being on view pretty nearly all the time. His admixture of comedy and pathos is very well measured. Altogether, in "The Peddler," Friend Welch gives himself at his best. Next week Manager Russell will have "Down by the Sea" at his house.

Weber's "Dainty Duchess," who says of herself that she is "right in the swim," is the attraction at the Standard Theater this week. The company which the Duchess keeps is right in line with good Standard fun. Williams and Adams, Jordan and Harvey, Hayes and Suits, Zimmer, The Duchess' Four, are all recognized as vaudeville headliners. A superbly costumed chorus of young women, with more than the usual amount of pulchritude, enliven the show with ensemble numbers. Good, catchy music is not the least attraction of this week's Standard Theater entertainment. The next attraction will be "The Brigadiers."

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COULDN'T MOVE THE BRICK

A correspondent writes to the London Country Life: "Many years ago one man bet another that he could not move an ordinary brick tied to the end of a cord two or three miles long, I forget which. A straight and level road just outside Chichester was selected for the trial; the brick was not moved and the man lost his bet for a large amount. It was stated by some one present that the brick, although weighing only about seven pounds, would, from a distance of two

or three miles, represent a dead weight of nearly a ton."



A Bosworth woman who is noted for her skill in the culinary art had some company for dinner the other day. When dessert was passed one of the guests remarked upon the beautiful appearance of the pie, and inquired how she got such a pretty "scallop" on its edge. He nearly fell dead when she replied, "Oh, that is easy; I use my false teeth."—Bosworth Star-Sentinel.

NEW BOOKS

To that part of the reading public who may have long cherished a desire to see some of the contemporary writers of fiction and other literary productions, brought sternly to book, for crude shortcomings and diversions from reality, "The Literary Guillotine," recently issued by the Badley head press of New York, by John Lane, will prove an interesting volume, one well calculated to drive dull care away these dreary wintry days. "The Literary Guillotine" originally appeared in serial form in "The Reader," and attracted much attention, but it seems to have acquired added charms of entertainment, in its new form. It is written by an anonymous author, who, with Mark Twain and Oliver Herford, sits as a court to try charges against the literary celebrities. The prosecuting attorney of this tribunal of criticism is Charles Battell Loomis. With amusing cleverness and a decidedly malicious knack the weak spots in the armor of the offending geniuses, are revealed, but, attempts on the part of defendants and their lawyers to shy missiles at the reputations of court and prosecutor are, of course, sternly and quickly squelched. Richard Harding Davis is convicted and sentenced for penetrating the impossibilities of "Soldiers of Fortune," and is shown, to his school girl clientele as an idol with feet of clay. In like manner are Henry James and Mary Baker Eddy hauled over the coals of literary criticism when they appeal to the tribunal to pass upon James' claim that the Christian Science mother had infringed upon his patent obscure sentence. Priority of absurdity in her writings wins the case for Mrs. Eddy. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, after a spit-fire trial, are rescued from their jailers by an army of admiring servant girls and salesladies. John Kendrick Bangs is snatched from his pedestal as a humorist, and J. Brander Matthews, withers before the attack on his various "lucid" paners. Other offenders tried are Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Edwin Markham, Henry Van Dyke, Poet Laureate Austin, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Irving Batcheller. The account of the proceedings is truly interesting reading, and the shrewd indictments and arguments, together with side comments of jurors, reveal on the part of the author, a complete knowledge in detail of all the works of the offenders. The volume is neatly bound and clearly printed on good quality paper. The cost is \$1 per copy.

Edgar Rice Beach of St. Louis has made a play for literary honors with a novel recently off the press, "Joshua Humble, a Tale of Old St. Louis." While Mr. Beach may have originally intended to lay the scenes of his narrative in the old-time Mound City, in reality, there is little in its few hundred pages that gives a tangible picture of St. Louis, past or present, save the occasional naming of streets and public places, such as the Planters' House, Creve Coeur Lake and Four Courts. In fact, in portraying life in St. Louis in olden times, the author has forgotten himself in several instances, but none is

so glaringly inconsistent as the lines which describe the pursuit of criminals by police in patrol wagons, which may well be said to be more a part of the scenes of New St. Louis. The story deals with crime, criminals and their victims almost completely. All the scenes in the plot revolve around a hardened money lender, Sol Miserleigh, who, in carrying on a gigantic scheme of fraud by which he acquires the fortunes of both living and dead, resorts to murder and invokes the aid of a half-dozen cut-throats. Mr. Beach's work possesses some merit, as a narrative, but there are many chapters the deletion of which would improve the book. The author's Irish and Jew dialect writing is sadly deficient, though not exactly beyond comprehension of the reader. The book is neatly illustrated and printed. The pictures are by Alice M. Beach. Edward R. Eddins & Co., of this city, are the publishers.

"On the Storied Ohio" is a revised and illustrated diary of travel on one of the interesting streams of the country. The book originally appeared in 1897, under the title of "Afloat on the Ohio," but the author, Reuben Gold Thwaite, has since enlarged and improved upon the work. The new volume is from the press of A. C. McClure Company, Chicago, and it deals with a thousand mile journey taken by the author, and several companions in a canoe. The book has many interesting historical patches. The illustrations are of the half-tone variety, picturing some of the scenery along the great stream.

"Widows Grave and Otherwise," a unique compilation in calendar form of quotations anent widows, (grass and weeds), is the rather interesting work of Cora D. Wallmarth with appropriate illustrations by A. F. Willmarth, who style themselves respectively "An Immune" and "A Victim." The quotations have been culled from various authors of renown, newspapers and other publications, and are grave, gay, poetical, prosaic and humorous in character. The volume is published by Paul Elder & Company of San Francisco.

In Mrs. Ethel Wallace Mumford's collected and original limericks published under the title of "The Limerick Up-to-Date Book," lovers of the nonsense rhyme, and they are legion, have indeed a treat. In fact, it may be called a renaissance, for there has been no similar collection published since Lear's "Nonsense Book" delighted, young and old, a couple of generations back. The same clever touch shown in the notable "Cynic's Calendar," is much in evidence in this latest offering to the lighter moments. The limericks are each attached to an appropriate moral admonition such as "Good Resolutions," "Beware of Rash Judgment," "Intemperance," "Truth" and "Popularity." Open the volume at any page and you find it interesting. The book is published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. It is profusely illustrated in red and black, with full page interpretative drawings, and contains an original perpetual calendar

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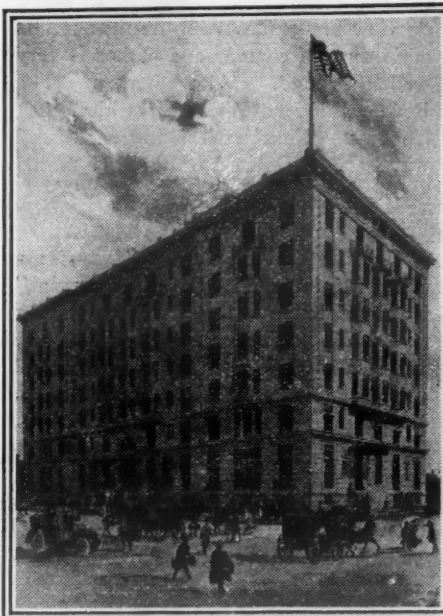
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JOHN C. KNAPP.

and memorandum page. It is richly bound, and with a poster label. The price, prepaid shrdlup cmfwypj mfwypj price, postpaid, is \$1.00 net.

Under the catchy title, "Reflections of a Morning After," Herman Lee Meader, presents a neatly bound and printed illustrated edition of snappy epigrams and proverbs, both in prose and verse on every phase of life in the present day. The volume is from the press of H. M. Caldwell Company of Boston, may be read with a great deal of interest by grownups. It bears the interesting mark of originality in idea and expression.

With ominous reports of financial disaster almost continually ringing in our ears conjuring up tragic pictures of the misery of those who may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow, Mr. Neith Boyce's strong depiction of character in "The Forerunner," recently issued from the presses of Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, possesses more than timely interest. In this story Mr. Boyce reveals in life-size the American promoter, not only as we all knew him in the every-day business world with its ups and downs, but in the more interesting light of the effect of his association with and influence upon others in the great social fabric. The story is really a social tragedy. There is no plot, but the author's pleasing style and thorough familiarity with the subject render it interesting reading. Throughout the narrative is neatly woven the story of the promoter's love affair, with its tragic interruptions and end. It reveals the ordeals, hardships and sacrifices of a promoter's family, the uncertainty of everything in their life, which finally points the way to separation and divorce. It deals with boom times in California and Wyoming and other scenes are laid in the East; the husband, almost blind to everything but making his fortune, the wife stricken with the horrors of the promised to-morrow that seemed to her would never come.

An important and highly interesting addition to the mass of Napoleonic literature that has accumulated since "the little Corporal" made Europe tremble, is the volume by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, entitled, "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena." The book is a translation from the journal kept by Napoleon's intelligent favorite and faithful, though frankly jealous, aid-de-camp, Gen. Baron Gourgaud, which, in addition to the talks with the Emperor, contains a detailed account of the occurrences from the rout at Waterloo to the arrival at St. Helena. The book reveals Napoleon in a somewhat new light in his downfall, for instead of the melancholy conqueror of worlds, we have been accustomed to picture, there is much that is cheerful in his words and bearing. Of his hopes and ambitions, his mistakes and successes, his early life and family history, his attitude toward royalty, the French revolution and its leaders, and many of the things that have made French history the most kaleidoscopic of any nation, the illustrious Cor-

sican unbosoms himself freely and forcibly to Gourgaud, despite the fact that to Gourgaud he frequently applied the appellation of "child." Gourgaud's jealousies crop out plentifully in the journal, and perhaps, but for them, the interesting comments upon the fidelity, ability and ambitions of many who served the "little Corporal," would never be known to history. The volume reflects the intensity of the French spirit of devotion to their dethroned Emperor, and contains no uninteresting pages. It is from the press of McClurg & Company, and contains a number of first-class portraits, including one of Gourgaud. The price of the book is \$1.25 per copy.

"Tittlebat Titmouse" is the new title under which Dr. Samuel Warren's famous novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," has been again put before the public, in abridged form. The abridgement was accomplished by Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who had from his youth been possessed of a desire to remodel the work of Dr. Warren. In the original "Ten Thousand a Year" was really three volumes in one. How well Mr. Brady has succeeded in the work of abridgement can be realized when the reader views the present volume of 464 pages, many of which are taken up with good, apt illustrations. He has eliminated from the original all unimportant sidelights, but only two characters, the Aubreys—not vital to the story, were sacrificed. Tittlebat Titmouse and Oily Gammon still remain in all their protagonistic glory, and the story may be said to be more invitingly presented in its new form than as the old cumbersome English volume. Mr. Brady's book is from the press of Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London.

"The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton," by Warden Curtis, from the press of Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, is a series of interesting short stories deftly interwoven and throughout all of which Emir Achmed Ben Daoud, an Arabian prince who is in Chicago on a special mission, plays a rather interesting part. The stories are related in different veins, and all are thoroughly readable. They ape the truth very well, even when most extravagant.

"Rhymes of Real Children," by Betty Sage, and "The Life of a Wooden Doll," by Lewis Saxby, both from the press of Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, are ideal books for children, especially appropriate to the holiday period. The former is elegantly illustrated in colors, and the verse deals with various tragic and humorous phases of a child's day. The latter is also illustrated with funny half-tones, and the verses relate the trials and tribulations of the wooden dolly. "Rhymes of Real Children" sells at \$1.50 per copy.

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"EVERYMAN"

Think of a play lacking all the accessories of the latter day playmakers' art, deliberately putting a tax on one's credulity and imagination, and yet by its very sincerity and earnestness impressing one with its reality!

"Everyman," the most remarkable theatrical presentation in years, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Odéon Monday, November 30th. The play is so many-sided that it is difficult to know how best to expound it. Amid the theatrical frivolity of the day, it stands entirely by itself, and is in such sharp contrast to the usual stage production that it strikes the ordinary playgoer with something akin to a shock. The personality of Ben Greet, the big English artist and student of the drama, has had much to do with the interest which this little play has attracted, and has everything to do with the wonderful æsthetic results drawn from an old English manuscript.

It is a far cry from 1903 to 1486, when an obscure monk of Diest finished his text of "A Moral Play," and yet it is a wonderful thing that stripped of the the ordinary aids to theatrical effects, this perfect specimen of mediæval art, by its simple dramatic strength, its earnestness and sincerity, exerts a spell and excites emotions rarely attained by modern plays. It is small wonder that wherever it has been given "Everyman" has been heaped with encomiums by the heads of universities, by priests, and ministers, and by the students of dramatic composition. But it is a singular fact that a play so predominantly artistic should, by its intense humaneness, attract even the most blasé theater-goer. In part, this latter individual has found interest in the exceptional acting of these twenty-two English actors and actresses whom Chas. Frohman brought over to this country when his interest was first aroused in the play itself. Yet under the guiding hand of Ben Greet, a confirmed enemy to the American star system, the play is always "the thing." In fact, so rigidly does Ben Green exalt this little masterpiece above its exponents, that none of the names of the cast is announced at all, though the truth of the matter is that the remarkable impressiveness of the play itself swallows up the identity of the players.

In its intense religious and almost church-like atmosphere, "Everyman" is exceedingly typical of the art of the middle age. Like everything else then written or painted or sculptured, its author dedicated it, in fact, composed it, for the greater glory of the Church. To read this or any other morality play might be a dry sort of recreation, but to see it performed with all the grandeur and spectacular beauty that attended the performances of Good Friday passion plays 450 years ago, is to realize the artistic sense of Ben Greet and also how little progress modern playwrights have really made over the scholars of the past.

In the days when "Everyman" and similar performances were given, there were no theaters and almost no attempts at theatrical effects by scenic environment. A play was written for the sole

purpose of striking contrition into the hearts of its auditors and to accomplish this result had to rely on the ability of the actors, but mostly upon the native strength of the text. Theaters being unthought of, the "morality" and "mystery" plays were performed upon what were called "Moving Pageants." These, in most cases, consisted of an immense truck of three platforms; the upper platform representing Heaven, the middle earth, and the lower Hades. Hence it is, that in the attempt to stage "Everyman" in strict conformity with the customs of those days, no attempt is made at elaborate scenic environment. The one set is copied from an old print of a monastery and remains the same throughout the entire action. As the audience enters the theater it finds the curtain already rolled up and the theater footlights boarded over and covered with stage cloth to represent blocks of granite. In place of the usual space for the theater orchestra there are a series of steps leading to the floor of the hall across which actors and actresses pass to and fro in making their exits and entrances.

The music—Gregorian chants and sacred psalmody of the thirteenth century—is all rendered by an organ and singers from behind the scenes. The costumes are copies of Flemish tapestries and the stage setting is a replica of an ancient drawing of the cloister yard of Salamanca Cathedral, where just such plays as "Everyman" used to be acted at about the time Columbus discovered America.

The text of the play, itself, was first done in the Dutch by Peter Dorland, a monk of Diest, who lived in the latter half of the thirteenth century. It was then transcribed into English by some unknown monk of England, and first saw the light of day at about 1529. For centuries it lay dust-covered among the archives of Lincoln Cathedral, London, until it was discovered by Prof. Ward of University College, Oxford. By him it was brought to the attention of that venturesome band of enthusiasts on England's dramatic past, the Elizabethan Stage Society of London, and given its first performance in the quadrangle of University College, Oxford. This was supposed to be its last as well as its first performance, but it met with such immediate success that it was at once transferred to the Coronet Theater in London, where it ran for two hundred nights. It was then that Chas. Frohman saw the little play and at once arranged with the Society and with Ben Greet for its production in America.

Its success in this country has been even greater than that which it experienced in England. First received with hesitancy and doubt in New York, its engagement in that city had finally to be prolonged for eighteen weeks in order to meet the demand for seats; and before the close of the present season, the play will be reproduced in New York for an engagement of over two months. On the close of the New York engagement last season, the great educational qualities in the play at once gave it a welcome to all the large universities. It was given successively at Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Dartmouth, Brown as well as the Women's colleges; and this sea-

son it was enacted at Leland Stanford University, and upon the stage of the Greek Theater at the University of California.

That American audiences have thus had an opportunity to obtain a remarkably instructive insight into the beginnings of the English drama, and have



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had a vivid glimpse at pure Gothic art, is due to the enterprise of Chas. Frohman. A detailed exposition of the peculiarities of the play, further than that already given, would be beside the point. Its remarkable awesome effect upon all classes of theater goers, its fine abidance by and illustration of the spirit of the times in which it was written, its singular spectacular beauty in spite of its very simplicity, are things that have to be seen to be adequately appreciated. It is practically a problem play; not the problem of modern plays, but the problem of life and death. In its simplicity, its thorough humaneness and its types from every day life, the play appeals with unusual force to every man. Apart from the exceptional beauty of its rugged verse, it offers unusual opportunities for fine acting because of the

tragic depths which it sounds. The thread of the story was taken originally from the Bible, and though the character of God ("Adonai") is referred to throughout the play, and actually speaks lines, the Deity is never visible, lest offense should be given. The action opens with a scene in Heaven; God in great wrath at the sins of humanity, bids Death "His mighty messenger," to seek out "Everyman" (the men of the world), and bid him make a long pilgrimage. By tears, bribes and entreaties, "Everyman" seeks to avoid this unexpected message. But the only postponement to which Death will agree is that "Everyman" may take with him whatever companions will go. First he seeks company from Fellowship, who is at first ready with assurances, but slinks away when he discovers that the jour-

ney means death. Then "Everyman" asks company of Kindred and Cousin, but these excuse themselves on the ground that they also have an unready reckoning to make. On asking aid from Riches, "Everyman" receives nothing but sneers. In despair the doomed man thinks of Good-deeds, only to find that she is too weak to walk. But she advises him of her sister Knowledge, a character representing the advice to be had from religion. Knowledge urges "Everyman" to go to her friend, Confession, and after he has been shrived of his sins, Good-deeds takes on new strength and accompanies him to the grave. The scene depicting the death of "Everyman" is especially powerful in tragic emotion and practically closes the action.

In order that the educational advan-

tages of the play may be availed of by those to whom it would be of most good, a special student rate has been made for the St. Louis engagement. The seats are now on sale at the Bollman Bros.' piano house. Students and teachers in groups of twenty or more may obtain half rates on the best seats.



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TOPICS OF SPORT

CANINE CADDIES.

Shall the well-trained dog replace the caddie on the golf-links? This is a question which may seem foolish, but when one considers the trials and tribulations of the golfer with the boy caddie the possibility of employing well-trained animals to do the club-toting seems to solve a rather vexatious problem. Boys are not always available, and generally when a corps of them becomes trained in the duties, they, like many others of the human family, also become dissatisfied with their lot, and go on strike. The dog proposition offsets these difficulties. The canine is plentiful and besides, he will not strike. That the dog can be utilized for this important task of the links has been proven not by a male student of the game, but by a fair Minneapolis girl, Miss Maud Pottee. Miss Pottee, after exasperating experiences with the human caddie, resolved to become independent of him. She had a favorite pointer, and she set to work training the animal to tote the clubs. In a few days the dog proved itself an improvement on the boy. Wearing a specially made harness, with the various clubs in pockets thereof, it followed its mistress over the links and always at her side. When she wished a change of stick all she had to do was to pick it off the dog's harness. Other golf enthusiasts who have watched the innovation at work, have become enthusiastic, and before long we may expect to see blooded animals doing the caddie stunt on the links of the country. Not only can the animals be trained to tote the sticks, but they can be set to retrieve lost balls. It looks as though Miss Pottee had overcome one of the difficulties of the golfer, and her idea enlarged upon may result in a more humane disposition of some of our homeless mongrels, than death in the dog-pound. Some of the best appearing animals may be saved for the caddie school, where special trainers could prepare them for duties on the links, and then dispose of them to the golf clubs or individual players.

DONOVANITES.

The management of the local National League Club seems to be possessed of but one idea in base ball, that "Patsy" Donovan, the gentlemanly manager-captain of the club, is capable of landing the team in the front ranks of the National League race next season. In short, Mr. Robison seems to have no faith in anybody or anything but Donovan, and his ability. He has stood by him and against the players throughout, and now it is reported that all the Cardinals of 1903 are to be traded off for other talent. There are many persons in the base ball world who do not regard this as good policy, and likewise, there are any number of persons who, while they admire Donovan personally, feel that he is no longer a power as a manager. Last season Donovan not only failed to bring out all the good in the team, but he caused players to be released who subsequently aided in putting the St. Louis club at the bottom of the championship

ladder. The Cardinals of last season were as good a team for the outlay of money as any in the same company, and if Donovan failed with them there is little likelihood that his methods will bear any better results with an aggregation of new talent. The fault with last year's team did not lie altogether with the players, hence shifting all of them, on the advice of the manager, is not going to bring anything in return but the evil results of the talk of the discredited players. In brief, Donovan's mistakes as a manager were nearly as costly to the club as the indifferent playing of his dissatisfied subordinates, and a change of managers might prove the necessary rabbit-foot with the club of next season.

WINTER RACING.

Winter racing is developing into as great an enterprise as that of spring and summer. This feature of the sport was, until the past year, in disrepute, because first-class horses and horsemen were not to be found on any of the tracks when the snow began to fly. Now horses are specially prepared for the rich prizes offered by the winter tracks, and the best stables are represented. Within the last year two new jockey clubs, one in California and one at Hot Springs, have been formed to take care of winter racing, and this season more than a quarter of a million dollars will be distributed among the horsemen at the various cold weather courses. The fact that winners of many of the big spring and summer classics of the metropolitan tracks have been won by horses campaigned on winter tracks has had a tendency to bring this branch of racing into favor. Besides, it aids the horsemen in meeting the winter fodder bill.

THE FAIR GROUNDS FUTURE.

The much revived report that Messrs. Cella, Adler and Tilles, representing the Fair Grounds Racing Association, have decided to dispose of the old landmark, while still lacking confirmation, is quite generally credited in part. The failure of the St. Louis Fair, one of the city's oldest fall carnival features, to maintain its position as a paying enterprise, and the constant development of the surrounding country into residence property, have had a tendency to force the Fair Grounds management to consider plans for the disposition of the property. When the St. Louis Fair was inaugurated, an understanding was reached, whereby the city agreed to exempt the property from taxation. It has remained so ever since, and the race track was included in the agreement. Should the Fair be abolished, it is said the grounds and the race track would then become subject to assessment. But it is not likely that the Fair Association intends that the race track shall go out of existence. It is now the finest race course in the West, and moreover, it has long been identified with the best elements of the sport. Persons in a position to know, feel that Messrs. Cella, Adler and Tilles would be more likely to hold on to the race track and, by agreeing to open the rest of the Fair Grounds for residence purposes or a public park, se-



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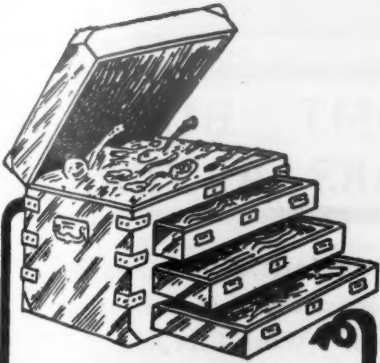
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cure from the city exemption from taxation for the race course. The new Union Jockey Club, situated in the same section of the city, will, if licensed, have a call on the patronage, should the Fair Grounds course go out of existence. And this does not appear likely.

TO-DAY'S LOCAL FOOTBALL GAMES.

To-day, (Thursday), local football fans will witness two good Rugby contests on local fields. The popular myrtle and maroon team of Washington University will have an opportunity to show its real merit in battle with the Iowa University squad. Iowa is at the bottom of the Western College championship race, but as her opponents in the league are supposed to be of a much higher order of ability than the St. Louis boys, the contest may be taken as a criterion of Washington's real strength. The myrtle and maroon boys are determined to win, and have practiced hard for the contest. The Smith and High School teams will do battle this morning.

WESTERN COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

The football championship of the Western Conference Colleges, hinges upon the game to be played Saturday at Chicago, between the Chicago and Michigan University teams. A victory for Chicago would give it practically undisputed title, whereas if Yost's team should win, the question of supremacy would be in dispute between Minnesota with its great record and Michigan. Between them it is about a standoff. Great as has been Michigan's showing, Minnesota has actually scored more points in the season, and has played the Yost aggregation to a tie. It is thought more than likely that Yost's superiority as a captain over Stagg will manifest itself in victory for Michigan. However, the intense rivalry between the two teams this season will make the game immensely interesting and attract a great crowd. The other teams in the conference race, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Illinois, Purdue, Indiana and Iowa, have made rather unfavorable showings this season.

OLD RIVALRY CROPS OUT.

Fresh evidence is at hand that the old institutional rivalry between the St. Louis University and the Christian Brothers' College still exists. This rivalry has not only permeated the field of study, but it has ever been rampant in the arena of athletics. On Monday last the reopening of old sores came when the St. Louis University football coach announced that the Jesuit team would not meet the Brothers' aggregation on the gridiron, because they took objection to the playing of Ricker, a former High School player, with the C. B. C.s. The game was to be played to-day, and all arrangements, save the selection of officials, had been made, when Delaney's announcement of the withdrawal of his team from the contest came. The Brothers refused to play unless Ricker participated in the game, and, consequently, the rival crowds of rooters of both teams are disappointed. The University intimated that Ricker is not, strictly speaking, eligible to the amateur ranks, but C. B. C.



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maintained that his standing has never been questioned. No protest against him was lodged when the Brothers' regular roster of players was submitted to the University authorities.



A DEFECTIVE TITLE

When Beriah Wilkins, who is now the proprietor of the *Washington Post*, was in Congress from Ohio he was also president of a national bank.

He was ordered away by his physician for a rest and went to a little village in Georgia, where he knew nobody and where nobody knew him and nobody, apparently, cared to know him. He sat around the hotel for two weeks doing nothing. Then he decided to go back to Washington.

He found he did not have enough money to pay his hotel bill and his railroad fare. He did not care to make a check, so he walked over to the little bank that faced the public square and told the aged banker who he was, saying he desired to make a draft for \$200 on the bank of which he was president.

"I don't know you," said the banker, "but you can make the draft and if the bank honors it I will give you the money."

"I can't wait that long," Wilkins replied. "I want the money now."

"Identify yourself," said the banker.

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IN A NUT SHELL

Mr. Wilkins showed the banker his name as president of the Ohio bank in the Bank Directory and produced some letters.

"That's all right," said the banker, "but I can't let you have the money on such an identification."

Wilkins argued. The banker was obstinate. Finally, after half an hour's talk, the banker softened and said: "Let me see the tag on your shirt. If the initials are right I'll cash the draft." Wilkins opened his waistcoat. The letters "J. P. B." loomed red and distinct on the tag.

He had on one of half a dozen shirts his shirt-maker had sold him for cost because the man for whom they were made didn't take them.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE STOCK MARKET

After developing a rather pronounced upward tendency for a few days, the New York market has again reached the wavering point, the vigilant bear faction detecting, and taking advantage of, quiet liquidation in various prominent issues. Reports were current at times that several prominent operators had determined to join means and might in an effort to lift the speculative coach out of the deep rut in which it has been for, lo, these many weeks, and this led to some hurried covering of short lines and an increased number of buying orders for "outsiders." It very soon became apparent, however, that there were still too many selling orders on brokers' memorandum books to permit of anything like a real, old-fashioned bull demonstration at this time. From prevailing indications, it would seem that for some weeks to come it will be merely a now-I-go-up-now-I-go-down market with excellent chances for nimble traders to "scalp" small profits.

Two of the most important features of the present speculative situation are the dissensions in the United States Steel Corporation management and the apprehensions of more trouble in money rates. The latter were partly justified by a stiffening in call loans, the rate, at one time, going up to eight per cent, without inducing much of a corresponding decline in sterling exchange. The banks are evidently making needful preparations for end-of-the-year requirements, and for the Panama canal deal, the latter involving cash payments of about fifty million dollars, ten millions of which will have to be given to the new-fledged exotic Isthmian republic.

The importation of gold has ceased for the time being, but it is likely to be resumed in case of a continued tightness in the money market. Up to this writing, the total amount imported and engaged is about \$8,000,000. The Bank of England has again slightly lowered the quotations for gold bars and eagles in London, but will surely put them up again in case of a renewal of weakness in sterling at New York. It is a merry struggle for gold. The bank statement issued last Saturday constituted something of a great surprise. The small reduction in loans and the sharp falling

off in surplus reserves were extremely disliked by the conservative element on the stock exchange. The surplus reserves now stand at the lowest level for a number of years. At the same time, the deposits are forty million dollars below the loans, a difference that will not be relished by any one longing for permanent improvement in speculative conditions.

The cancellation of the Morgan syndicate's conversion contract with the United States Steel Corporation is an event that precipitated no end of guessing and commenting among Wall street habitués. The drastic, bold step taken by the board of directors is generally presumed to intimate strongly that the just rights of the shareholders are at last to be recognized and protected against further impairment through the queer, damnable financiering methods of the notorious because unscrupulous conversion syndicate. What was this syndicate but a "gang" of stock-jobbers who considered the steel trust their legitimate prey, and who were intent upon working it for all it was worth? Never was there a more outrageous, shameless hold-up in Wall street than that perpetrated by the Morgan underwriters upon the holders of United States Steel securities.

The elimination of Morgan and his clique should, however, have been decided upon and accomplished long ere this. As it is, the somewhat melodramatic incident reminds one of the farmer who locked his stable-door after the horse had been stolen. There is some ground to suspect that the directorate would not have acted as it did but for the awful "slump" in the corporation's securities, the multiplication of indignant protests by prejudiced and suffering shareholders, and growing fears that a prolongation of Morgan's hegemony would inevitably lead to a thorough legal investigation and most scandalous revelations. In other words, the directors are ardent opportunists. Like cowardly Pontius Pilate, they resolved to wash their hands and to lay all the blame of the irreparable mischief and stupid blunders wrought so far by the trust's management upon the broad, rapacious back of thrifty Morgan.

The conversion plan should have been condemned *in toto* as soon as it was proposed,—which was about a year ago. Morgan's syndicate should not have been allowed to have its way to supremacy and excessive commissions. There is first-class reason to believe that the underwriters of the bond conversion scheme made frequent and extensive use of the severe breaks in the shares and bonds of the company to enrich themselves in an unconscionable manner. It is well known that they have been heavy short sellers of the bonds and preferred stock ever since the conversion plan was sanctioned by the company's directors. If all the details and ramifications and tergiversations of the matter could be or were known, the speculative community would be astonished beyond measure and fairly hold its breath at the bold knavery with which the public has been deceived and defrauded at the hands of men standing high in the financial world's esteem.



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What will be the future course of the tainted securities of this corporation? Will they rise in value now that the manipulators and schemers and parasites have been estopped from working further injury? The preferred gained a few points in the last few days, but does not seem to be enjoying a superabundance of strength and support. Insiders may soon make the unwelcome discovery that they defied Morgan at too late a stage in the proceedings. The public can no longer be deluded with grandstand plays, with a highfalutin pronunciation on the part of men who are pusillanimous enough to play the baby act after conniving at disreputable methods and maneuvers. United States Steel shares and bonds may rally several points more from the current level, but are bound to sink back again. They have lost that without which no security can maintain itself—the confidence of investors.

The sensational drop in Republic Iron & Steel preferred should cause no surprise among readers of these columns. The dividend will soon have to be reduced or passed altogether. In fact, it should have been passed a year ago. The financial position of the concern never was a very strong one. There never was a sufficient amount set aside annually for improvement and depreciation. The company was operated chiefly from a stock-market standpoint. Dividends were paid for the purpose only of facilitating "unloading" by insiders. Lower quotations are surely in store for the preferred. The common will probably drop out of sight altogether in the course of time.

The market gives evidence of adroit manipulation in traction, and a few other issues. But for the uncertainties of the monetary situation, the bulls would have no particular difficulty in lifting prices from five to ten points. It seems most unlikely, however, that the bulls will dare to start an upward movement at the present time. Yet, one cannot tell. It may well be that stock-jobbers will make valiant efforts to raise quotations to a moderate degree in anticipation of the investment demand which generally synchronizes with the death of the year.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Things continue extremely dull in the local market. Buying demand was not stimulated by the slight improvement in Wall street trading. The investor is not as yet in evidence. He does not consider present prices very attractive. On the other hand, the owners of securities, realizing the infinitesimal proportions of buying demand, very wisely refrain from offering large blocks, and thus prevent an additional severe shrinkage in prices.

Nothing can be said about bank and trust company shares. There are no bids and no offerings.

St. Louis Transit, after rising to 14 3/4, has dropped back again to 13 3/8. On unquestionably manipulative buying, United Railways preferred was lifted to 61 1/4. The 4 per cent bonds are a trifle lower; sales being made at 78 3/4. Granite-Bimetallic has receded to 55

bid. There have been no sales in the last few days. St. Joe Lead is offered at 15 1/4. For Central Coal & Coke common 55 is bid. For Simmons Hardware first preferred 115 1/2 is bid; for the second preferred 112 1/2.

Missouri-Edison 5s are offered at 95 1/4; St. Louis Railroad 5s at 100 3/8. For National Candy common 16 is bid.

Last week's bank clearances showed another gain. Interest rates are firm at 5 1/2 and 6 per cent. Sterling is higher, the last quotation being \$4.84 1/2. New York exchange is still at a discount.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

C. C. G., Moberly, Mo.—National Lead preferred cannot be regarded as a safe investment. The management is not what it should be. Besides, the annual statements are not convincing.

A. P. L.—Would sell Toledo preferred at point named. Rise chiefly manipulative. The consolidation trick is about played out. No dividend in sight, though earnings satisfactory.

R. T., Logansport, Ind.—Sell your Corn Products preferred on first little advance. Concern over-capitalized and not well managed.

X. Y. Z.—Keep out of Ontario & Western for the present. No snap in Missouri, K. & Texas preferred, Southern Pacific is very likely to rise sufficiently to let you out even. Don't miss your chance.

W. U., Johnsonville, Tenn.—Wouldn't buy Southern common. The preferred is not too low under existing conditions. Erie second preferred is no speculation. Yes, Missouri Pacific deserves close watching.


G. A. S.—Consider the bonds attractive at prices named, but not safe. Just a promising speculation. They should react from present level.

MOTHER'S DEAR

He is a cherub, the first born in a young household, but even cherubs thisd cmfwypj cmfwypj cmfwypj mfwyp sometimes become "l'enfant terrible," and this one in particular was the recent cause of his mother's downfall. The story may serve as a warning to mothers to keep the nursery door closed when they have company in the parlor. This mother had a caller down stairs, and with true maternal interest she could not let her go until she had gone up to get her young hopeful to bring him down for display. Not waiting for the nurse to get the child ready, she snatched a towel from the rack and resorted to a method which all mothers at some time or other indulge in. Even then it might never have leaked out if she had not in her mad haste left the nursery door ajar. But as it was, the woman waiting below, while she listened to the baby's pretty prattle, was highly amused at hearing those flute-like baby tones float down the stairway:

"I say no, mamma." Mother's low voice was heard in remonstrance.

"I don't tare. Tompany or no tompany, I won't have my face washed wif spit!"



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THE PATRON OF FINE ARTS

A Benevolent Lady, whose fad was Art, and who liked to call herself a Bohemienne because she numbered many artists, musicians and writers among her friends, had one Especial Pet. He was a Young Artist with Enormous Talent, but whose wings had been Clipped by an Early Marriage. When he should have been painting Masterpieces, he was obliged to waste his Time and Colors on Pot-boilers. The Benevolent Lady bought some of the latter from him, and also ordered a Full-Length Portrait of herself and secured commissions for her Protege from her Rich Friends. She introduced the Young Artist at teas and receptions and, as he was a Nice, Modest Chap with no Toadyish ideas, he speedily became a Lion.

When the Benevolent Lady had fully launched her Discovery on the Sea of Social Popularity, she bethought herself that he was a Married Man. She resolved, as she was a good woman of old-fashioned morals, that the Wife ought by all means to share in the Husband's social favor.

She thereupon asked Mrs. Artist to dinner, *en famille*, as she thought it better to introduce her tentatively as it were. Mrs. Artist did not care to go, but her Husband refused to consider a Regret, and so she donned her Best Gown and went. She was a commonplace little Woman, as the Benevolent Lady discovered after the second course. She did not appreciate her husband's Great Genius, and she preferred him to paint Pot-boilers to Masterpieces. Besides, she had no Taste, and dressed Atrociously. She expressed the opinion that Rich Food was bad for the digestion and she preferred Beer to Champagne.

Afterwards, the Benevolent Lady, with a sigh, decided that her duty lay in a New Direction. It was certainly her duty to educate Artists' Wives for their Husbands, and she determined to begin on This One.

She thereupon made it a Point to oversee Mrs. Artist's choice of Gowns. She introduced her to a Beauty Doctor, and to a Physical Culturist, and she instructed her in the Cultured Jargon of the Society Amateur. The artist's wife was not very Clever, but she did not lack Receptiveness or Imitative Faculty, and she Got On famously. She soon went beyond her Tutor, and perfected herself in such graces of Polite Society as Flirting and Counter-Flirting, and other arts of her Sex.

Now the Benevolent Lady had a Husband, who was not fond of her Cultured Friends. He seldom attended her Salons, because he considered them Dry. He said her clever friends were Not In It except on Conversation and Music, and he preferred a Variety Show.

He found a Congenial Mind in the Artist's Wife, who came frequently to dine with the Benevolent Lady. They soon learned how to carry on a Flirtation beneath the eyes of the Benevolent Lady, who was pursuing the path of Duty in Educating the Artist's Wife to appreciate her Husband. But Mrs. Artist, instead of learning to appreciate her own Husband, learned to appreciate the husband of the Benevolent Lady.

The result was that one day the Benevolent Lady found herself without a Husband, and the Young Artist found himself minus a Wife.

The moral is that it is always best to leave well enough alone.—*From Town Talk.*



FEMININITY'S SHAPE

The influence of certain kinds of food upon the female form is apparent to all who have made a study of models. The woman of to-day, particularly the woman of society, is overdeveloped in places which probably were under developed in early Greece. The goddesses did not need straight fronts. The food which they partook did not develop abnormally that part of the anatomy which the modern corset of the modern divinity conceals, but had its effect upon the neck, bust, arms and particularly the lower limbs, rounding them out into a perfect fullness. Grapes and figs were the chief diet of the women of the Hellenes, and they produced the shapely ankle, and beautifully symmetrical calf, the classic knee and the chiseled thigh.

It is not necessary to go further than the stage to study these matters at the present day. The commonest defect is the hollow thigh. Women tell me that this is due not only to congenital malformation, but to the feminine habit of crossing the legs. Venus and Juno were never known to cross their legs, and as they were born perfect their thighs were not hollow. Another serious malformation is the big knee. The patella looks like a knot, and in many cases it is necessary for women to be bowlegged in order that their knees may pass comfortably in walking. In classic figures the calf really begins at the ankle, the leg gently swelling upward from that point. Many of our latter-day women have "shanks," by which I mean that the leg from the ankle to a few inches above the shoetop is of about the same size, then the gastrocnemius and soleus suddenly lump out into a shapeless hummock. Women of the African race have legs of this type, and the Caucasians seem to be acquiring them.

The great development of the mesogastric zone in modern woman is due principally to high living. As a rule, woman eats more in proportion to her weight than man. She is eternally nibbling at something. She drinks a great deal with her meals—water, coffee and tea, if you please, are quite as bad as wine when indulged in to excess. She is essentially a meat and vegetable eater, and both foods make internal fat where it is not desirable. We often hear women speak of their "high stomach;" why, bless you, no woman should mention such a thing. She should not admit having a stomach. Corned beef and cabbage never yet produced a classic form. It is said that the lassies of Scotland have the finest legs in the world. They eat oatmeal. German girls have poor figures they eat sauerkraut.

The most symmetrical women are the Japanese, but they are very small. Their principal food is fruit, and they drink sack. Italian women have splendid busts; they eat macaroni. The women of Norway are without finish, as a rule;

Michael Monahan says

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they eat too much of fish. The same applies to women of all other fishing countries. The coolie women are very beautiful physically. Their chief food is fruits and nuts. Persian women are inclined to fatness; they eat meats boiled to excess, with rice, and are fond of sweetmeats and hard boiled eggs. The illustration of food effects on women might be continued indefinitely. The object of these reflections is to point the

way to a proper development along lines of symmetry and beauty. The best agents are simple diet and soft water.—*New York Press.*



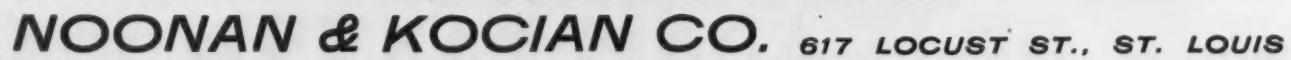
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